

New Lecture Building Planned For Campus

"Professorship of Peace" Is Memorial Suggestion

Four Students Submit Brief

A new suggestion for a war memorial has made its appearance on the campus this week, namely, "A Professorship of Peace." During an interview with its originators, Frank Fish, Bert Currie, Bill Pybus and Bob Horton, Fish stated that the proposal as outlined is not intended to be in final or rigid form, but is submitted as a starting point in the development of the idea. "We feel that the pattern of the plan is basically sound and best fulfills the purpose of a true war memorial."

It was emphatically pointed out by Bill Pybus that the plan, if carried out in the manner suggested, leaves no room for a return to the type of pacifism prevalent between the two World Wars. "We have seen that disarmament programs and appeasement are false hopes. By emphasizing the lessons of history a return to pre-war pacifism is impossible."

"Moreover," stated Bob Horton, "the plan is consistent with a program of peace time military training, and in addition, would be counter-balanced to the objectionable aspects: that education for war leads to war."

Questioned on the practicability of the proposal, Currie put it this way: "It is practical because it provides a professor and a library that are dedicated to the gospel of peace on earth. Practical because it proposes to make you and your sons and your parents conscious of world wide work for peace. It enlists every university student and every adult in the province in a campaign for peace. Idealistic only because it deals in ideals; the ideals for which men died."

A brief of the plan, as drawn up, follows:

PROFESSORSHIP OF PEACE

We should commemorate the sacrifice and perpetuate the ideals of the men and women who gave their lives in the service of their country. We should dedicate a war memorial to accomplish these aims.

We believe that fundamentally their sacrifice was made to effect a better world. For this, Peace is Essential.

We, the people of the world, must therefore learn the ways of peace.

Our purpose is clear in this great task.

To effect this purpose, we propose the establishment of a "Professorship of Peace."

The Course Defined

1. To instill university students, the potential leaders of our country, in the practical problems of maintaining peace, with regard to economic, social, and philosophic considerations.

2. To emphasize the lessons of history with respect to the causes of war and the maintenance of peace.

3. To prepare the student for a sensible outlook on current affairs and their application to the ways of peace.

4. To include an analysis of propaganda.

5. To study the significance of science with relation to war and peace.

6. Status in the Curriculum

1. The course will be compulsory for all university students.

2. There will be no examination requirements.

3. Group assignments will culminate in press and radio reports.

4. Duties of the Professorship

1. To recognize and administer the course of studies as outlined above.

2. To co-operate with the Department of Extension in stimulating public interest.

3. To inspire and join forces with other groups throughout Canada in the promotion of peace.

4. To maintain contact with groups having similar ideals, to promote unified thought and effort throughout the world.

5. To direct a Peace Library as a tangible memorial.

A. C. CURRIE,
F. H. FISH,
R. HORTON,
W. G. PYBUS.

(An article explaining further some of the items outlined above, is contained on Page 2.)

Holiday Workers Need Not Secure Permits From NSS

"Any students wishing to go to work during the Christmas vacation may do so without referring to National Selective Service," Mr. Geoffrey Taylor, assistant registrar of the University of Alberta, said this week. This means that a student may negotiate directly with a potential employer.

According to word received by Mr. Taylor from the assistant manager of National Selective Service, persons employed by the Post Office or in retail stores between Nov. 26 and Jan. 12 inclusive, need not bother obtaining a national selective service permit.

CURMA GOES ALL OUT TO RELIEVE HOUSING CRISIS

By CURMA REPORTER

Plans for an all-out campaign to remedy the extremely serious housing situation for war veterans attending or contemplating attending University are to be presented to a general meeting of CURMA at 4:00 p.m. Tuesday in Med. 158.

Faced with a serious housing shortage for veterans already at university and the almost complete lack of accommodation for 700 or more ex-servicemen hoping to enroll

in January, CURMA has established an auxiliary housing committee to deal with the situation.

The committee is planning a concerted effort on the part of every ex-serviceman attending university to obtain immediate action on the part of the Dominion government.

Plans call for a letter-writing campaign to various members of the Dominion and Provincial governments, coupled with a suggestion that a compulsory billeting system be adopted if no other immediate

course is able to house the veteran students.

Willard Rorke, chairman of the new housing committee and vice-president of CURMA, requests all members of CURMA to attend the Tuesday meeting.

"We must have every ex-serviceman on the campus helping us if we are to succeed in this scheme," he remarked.

Other members of the committee are Willard Pybus, Douglas Parry, and Albert Currie.

Registration For Special Session Discussed by Board of Governors

The Executive Committee of the Board of Governors held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday, Nov. 13. There were present Mr. Justice Parlee, Chairman; Dr. G. F. McNally, Dr. R. Newton, Mr. Clem King, and Mr. A. West, Secretary.

On the report of the President that the advance registration of student veterans for the special session beginning early in January was now nearing 600, and Mr. King's report that he had been unable to find any temporary accommodation in Edmonton which the War Assets Corporation was willing to release to the University, it was agreed to proceed at once with a new temporary building on the University campus. This decision was made reluctantly, because all members regretted putting further money into temporary buildings when we should be proceeding with our permanent building program.

Acting on a recommendation from Dr. MacEachran, Chairman of the University War Memorial Committee, appointed by the Board at an

earlier meeting, it was agreed to add to that Committee Dr. R. K. Gordon to represent the academic staff, and Mr. A. West to represent the non-academic staff.

The President reported that a substantial file had been collected of documents recording the war activities of the University, including enlistments, war research, accelerated courses, special courses for Naval and Air Force personnel, and war service units on the campus. It was agreed to appoint Mr. Lewis Thomas, of the Department of History, to classify and supplement these records and to prepare a war history of the University.

The following appointments were approved in a further effort to cope with the increased registration: Mr. A. Roshko, to be Sessional Instructor in Mathematics; Miss Sybil Fratkan, to be Sessional Instructor in Chemistry; Mr. R. G. Brewer, to be Demonstrator in Household Economics for the second term of the current session; and Mr. R. Hanson, to be Instructor in the Diploma Course in Dairying, which was organized in co-operation with Canadian Vocational Training.

St. Stephen's Minstrel Show Highlights Waw-Waw Week

One of the best Waw-Waw Weekends in years ended officially at midnight, Saturday, November 17, after a round of entertainment planned by Bud McDonald. Assisting were Norma Howard, Brent Scott, Russ Melby, Jean Anderson and Betty Graham. Highlights were Friday Tuck dates, movie and skits at the Garneau Theatre, the Saturday Scavenger Hunt and Jam Session at the Drill Hall. Enthusiastic skaters trekked to Garneau, since the Varsity Rink could not be flooded in time. Climax was a highly successful House Dance.

Friday afternoon saw Tuck crowded to the doors with co-eds escorting males of their choice. Girls faithfully opened oors, orderer refreshments and took the outside of the sidewalk. Interested onlookers watched the occasional highly popular man partaking twice successfully within the hour of a cup of coffee and a start offered by two attractive Daisies. Professors under the wings of House Ecceers headed lines of tables pushed together.

Garneau theatregoers were treated Friday night to a good movie, "Roughly Speaking," starring Rosalind Russell and Jack Carson, and in addition, to Varsity Stage Shows. Master of Ceremonies Bud McDonald introduced the Commerce Club, who came on stage with their faculty cheer. Al Melnyk's singing of "It's Been a Long, Long Time," caused impressionable Pat Cavee to swoon.

Commerce Orchestra

The Commerce Club orchestra played in three forums, according to Director George Garbutt: schmaltzy the first time, loused up the second time, and really loused up the third time. Followed a special request, dedicated to Mickey, sometimes known as Frank, Finn. The gentleman in question played a character role in this pantomime, Little Brown Jug. Pop Goes the Weasel concluded the Commerce Club's contribution. Jim Carmichael, George Garbutt, Frank McEvoy, Pat Cavee, Gordon McLean, and Tom Mundy operated several noisemakers; Elsie Muriel Mills was at the piano, Al Melnyk the guitar, Helen Plasteras the violin, and Bob Soley the accordion.

St. Steve's Melodrama

The boys from St. Stephen's College are to be applauded for their ripe melodrama, Romeo and Juliet, and their minstrel show. Charlie Gardeen produced the pantomime with the aid of Ross Jeffries. Bob Walker played Romeo with Doug Barnes as Juliet, Charles Gordon as the villain, Ross Jeffries and Bud McGinnis as stretcher-bearers. Alex Beveridge supplied suitable piano effects; Bob Mitchell brandished the signs which furnished clues as to the action; the sign painter remains anonymous.

The first scene, a quickie, opened in 1609 with Romeo and Juliet in the typical balcony pose, she refusing him, while modestly holding her nose. A quick change of signs and a drawing of the curtains introduced the 1945 version, with Juliet just the same, but with Romeo having become a slick chick. Juliet soon showed her increased accessibility

by dropping her shoulder straps to which the balcony was attached. Increased freedom of movement led her to Romeo's arms when fate intervened in the shape of the xillain. "Villain—Boo!" said the sign. A touch and go affair followed, in which the lady was swayed first by one lover, then by the other. Despairing of attaining success, the villain began to operate a shotgun, aimed at the hero. Romeo's 38 revolver ended the fray with a blank cartridge. The villain tumbled to the floor, rigor mortis set in hurriedly so that limbs protruded at odd angles as the victim was transported off the stage on a stretcher in the wake of pretty girls. Romeo and Juliet were reunited at last. The end came when the sign proclaimed that this action was "Censored."

Minstrel Show

Bob Mitchell introduced the Minstrel Show. The minstrels, from the left of the stage to the right, were Bud McDonald as Bones, Jack Donald as Rastus, Alex Beveridge as Pal, Gerry Richards as the grey-bearded Hal, Bert Dickie as Ham Bone, and Bob Price as Sambo. Ty Hoffman took the part of Mr. Interlocutor. One noted that poor Ham Bone, who had been rather uncomfortable as his friends related stories of attractions and sensations, neckerchiefs, wearing pants in and out, bashful papples—Ham Bone was forced to shoot the huge critter causing his discomfort. The chorus danced out to the tune of Shortnin' Bread.

Daisy Mae by Saturday afternoon was tired from the previous night and saving up for the coming one, so that only about ten couples appeared at the Drill Hall to take part in the Scavenger Hunt. One couple, finding the going too hard, knocked off and went to a show. Winners were Frank Quigley and Joan Dawson, Brent Scott and Kay Black.

Jam Session

The number in attendance at the Jam Session which followed swelled to about 20 to 25 couples. They danced to records for an hour and a half.

A few people went to Garneau Rink, movies and the Jam Session at the Barn.

Saturday night's house dance, handled by the committee from the residences, was a huge success. The Drill Hall was well-filled. Joes wore corsages of spiky sunflowers, flower-seed packages and plaid ribbon or powder puffs on fluted paper dollies.

Strong Opinion Is Indicated In Campus Poll

Students Give Forward March to Military Training

Well, at long last the poll has hit its stride, and even those chosen by our observers were glad to answer the question of the week. It appears generally that we are rather unpopular with our "questionees," mainly because we have asked questions of an extremely controversial nature which stimulate a little more than normal brain exertion to answer. From now on, then, we have learned our lesson, and will be satisfied to ask straightforward questions in an effort to regain our pre-poll social standing.

Now for the question and results: "Do you think that there should be a policy of compulsory military training adopted by the Dominion?" The results speak for themselves:

(1) Yes	82%
(2) No	14%
(3) Undecided	4%

We should like to present the complete analysis of the decisions, but it would take far too much space. The most startling thing about the whole question is the consistency of results. The distribution of answers in any one of the many groups — age, year or course of study, men or women, never vary significantly from the total percentages. In fact, the greatest divergence of opinion is among the veterans. The vets are 89% in favor of compulsory training as against 77% among the other stu-

S.C.M. Organizer At St. Stephen's On November 25

Visiting the campus on Sunday, Nov. 25, will be the Rev. Malcolm "Mac" Ransom, a well-known national organizer of the S.C.M. He will be the guest speaker at a student service sponsored by the S.C.M. in St. Stephen's College on Nov. 25, at 11 o'clock. His topic will be, "The Christian Imperative." It will be remembered that "Mac" intended to go to China to take up missionary work there, but the outbreak of war prevented his going. He is planning to take this work up soon.

While on the campus he will assist the S.C.M. in rounding out the details of the Conference to be held here during the Christmas holidays. The theme of the conference in which the western universities will participate will be "The Christian Calling and the World Community," and will feature such nationally known leaders as Rev. E. "Ted" Johnson and Dr. Winburn Thomas. Students will remember "Ted" Johnson for his worth-while contribution at the University Mission here last year. Dr. Thomas is executive secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement in the U.S.A.

ENGINEERING STUDENTS' SOCIETY

A meeting of the E.S.S. was held on Tuesday, Nov. 20, in Med. 142. Guest speaker was Dr. L. Austin Wright of Montreal, general secretary of the Engineering Institute of Canada, and editor of the Engineering Journal. A film entitled "Harbor Goes to France" was shown. This film showed the famous "Mulberry Harbor" which was used by Allied forces in the Normandy invasion. This E.S.S. meeting had to overlap with the Students' Union budget meeting because Dr. Wright was available only at this time.

The presentation of the E.I.C. award to George Mathers took place. George obtained highest standing in third year engineering last year.

Start Immediate Construction On Site West of North Lab

With another seven to eight hundred student veterans in prospect for the session opening in January, and the probability of at least a thousand freshmen entering next fall, it has been decided that a temporary building devoted to lecture rooms must be erected at once. The permanent buildings projected cannot be ready in time to meet immediate needs.

The "temporary" lecture accommodation will be a building 175 feet long and 54 feet wide, two stories in height, located probably on the lower level west of the North Laboratory. There will be twelve lecture rooms in the building, varying in capacity from 40 to 300 students per room. Several offices will also be provided to accommodate the additional instructors that will be engaged by the University.

It is hoped that construction will begin in the first week of December, and that the building will be rushed to completion.

So far as is practical, native materials will be used in the construction, in an effort to avoid the inevitable delays which are encountered in securing building supplies.

It is anticipated that the total cost of the building and furnishings and equipment will be in the neighborhood of \$90,000. The Provincial Government has undertaken to assist in the financing of the project to the extent of \$50,000 in order to assist the University in providing accommodation for the large number of returned veterans seeking university education.

Exposure to military training does not therefore greatly influence the decision.

While we were at it, we asked a second question of those who wanted training: If so, do you think the period of training should be: (1) 6 months, (2) 1 year, (3) longer?

(1) 6 months	17%
(2) 1 year	71%
(3) Longer	12%

Here, again, the veterans seem to be more in favor of a longer period of training—88% thought 1 year to be the time and only 6% wanted a period as short as 6 months, while amongst the other groups the results were 54% for 1 year and 28% for 6 months. Also, it is probably of interest that among the age groups, the group under 22 were 27% in favor of 6 months, and there was a general trend in the older groups to recommend longer training periods.

There has been a Gallup poll in Canada on this question, and though its exact figures were not available at the time of going to press, the general public is definitely not so desirous of compulsory military training as are the university students here. In our next poll, we intend to ask one of the questions used in the Gallup poll to see if there is any difference of opinion between the general public and student body on the subject of liquor laws.

Higher Budget Marks Return to Pre-War Status

Of the 2,500 or so students on the campus, an approximate 200 finally turned up for the presentation of the budget on Tuesday in Convocation Hall. This further emphasizes the statement that a good ninety percent of those attending Varsity are not interested in how their \$14.50 Council fees are spent. This year's Freshmen show an amazing lack of interest in Union activities. By far the majority present were Upperclassmen. Last year, on Nov. 13th, Treasurer Bill Clark presented the

budget to a well-packed Convocation Hall. At Tuesday's meeting, President Ron Helmer introduced his executive on the Students' Council, Dave Bentley, treasurer, and Jack Penzer, secretary, who presented the minutes of last year's budget meeting.

Dave Bentley then gave a brief account of the budget. Students were provided in advance with mimeographed copies of the budget. The noticeable increase in practically every item is primarily due to the increased enrollment. In addition, the Council are endeavoring to return to a pre-war level in appropriating student finances now that equipment is again available. During the war years, when the equipment was not fully replenished each year it was in poor shape. However, quite a large amount of sports' equipment has been obtained reasonably this term. Interspersed competitions are on the increase as well, and so constitute a large item on the budget.

During the discussion which followed the presentation, an objection was raised to the appropriation of approximately \$5.00 for Block A sweaters. Ron Helmer explained

Rockwood, Gibson, Gilchrist Head '45-'46 Freshmen

Ralph Rockwood, Commerce, was elected president to head the freshmen executive for this term, following freshmen class elections in the Arts Building last Friday. Rockwood defeated two other candidates running for the presidency, Colin Murray and George Schulka, but the voting was close, and the final result was in doubt until the last.

Other members of the executive elected were: Vice-President, Betty Gibson, Arts and Science (Ellen Ann Millard, runner-up); Secretary, Treasurer, Varge Gilchrist, Agriculture (by acclamation); Executive, Vernon Millard, Maurice Roe and Murray Cunningham, Commerce, Engineering and Arts respectively, (Austin Bassett defeated as fourth running candidate).

Campaigning spirit prior to voting day ran high, and posters urging the election of the various candidates were plastered in the halls and residence all during the week. When it came to voting day, interest wasn't quite so great, and only 500 of about 1,100 freshmen eligible to vote—or slightly less than 50 percent—cast their ballots. This percentage was still much greater than that in the recent sophomore vote, however, when only about 75 of 450 showed enough interest to exercise their franchise.

Main function of the newly-elected freshmen body will be to make necessary arrangements for the big Freshman Dance scheduled for next spring.

Convenience For Clubs Wishing News Coverage

Attention of all campus organizations, Students' Union or otherwise, is called to the following proposal: In order to publicize events, their date, place and time, and to indicate the nature of the meeting, it is suggested that signed notes be turned in at the Switchboard in the General Office on the second floor of the Arts Building, stating briefly all the material facts. This applies to every organization expecting to have its event listed in the weekly schedule.

"THE ART OF THE ACTOR"

Mr. Sydney Risk will be heard in an address next Monday evening on "The Art of the Actor" at the Edmonton Museum of Arts, commencing at 8:30 p.m. The talk is sponsored by the Edmonton Community Theatre. Anyone interested is invited to be present.

that the presentation of these awards to the top campus athletes was an article in the Council Constitution which couldn't be dealt with at this time.

The meeting also went into some discussion on the \$1.00 charge for skating, and a few maintained that this, as a sport, should also be free. The outcome of the discussion resulted in a motion being carried which stated that if the Varsity Rink should pay its way this year, as it is on an experimental basis, any surplus be put into a sinking fund for rink improvements; possibly a few years hence, the installation of an artificial ice plant.

Some argument developed as to whether certain activities warranted such heavy expenditure, such as rugby, \$1,861.00. As the time was approaching dinner, impatient members of the audience were leaving, and the discussion was "getting in a rut," so A. R. Penny suggested to Council members that a vote be taken to see whether the budget could be accepted as prepared. The vote showed a strong majority in favor of acceptance of the budget, and with this major item passed, the meeting adjourned.

Alexander Calhoun Claims Society is Disintegrating

"Society is disintegrating before our eyes. Opinion is being canalized into groups and liberal education is being threatened." This is the opinion of Alexander Calhoun, librarian of the Calgary Public Library for the past thirty years, who addressed the second meeting of the University Philosophical Society in the Medical Building Wednesday evening, Nov. 14.

Our greatest need at present is a higher type of trained citizen, and it is a question whether the universities which turn out doctors and engineers also turn out good citizens, he said.

"The immense growth of knowledge in the last generation has changed our ideas of education. We are living in an utterly changed world, and our adjustment to it must of necessity be slow and painful."

"The situation at present in regard to education calls for a national effort comparable to our war effort. The laissez-faire attitude has existed too long," continued Mr. Calhoun.

Discussing the possibilities of a national educational program for the country, one which would improve the cultural education of the people, Mr. Calhoun said he believed there was no solution along voluntary lines. Also, any definite philosophy of education would tend to become authoritative, which would lead to an undemocratic state of affairs, he said, then asked the question: do we need an ideology, and if so, who will create it?

"Although the public library has an educational mission, and can perform valuable functions, there is little evidence to show that the taste of a group of people can be improved by a stock of books."

"It is not enough for a library to have books. It must set out to take them to the people, using every modern publicity device yet devised as a lure."

Unscrupulous commercial advertising, a cheap press and magazine trade, the radio and the movies have all hindered the function of the library in bringing good literature and ideals to the public eye. An inferior best-seller is now read by millions, he said, while a work of art will remain for years scarcely touched.

"The dream of the librarian has been better realized with boys and girls," stated Mr. Calhoun. "They respond to a directed stimulus and read classics and the best of the modern books, but it is difficult to tell how they get along once they have grown up and are exposed to all types of literature."

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Article Explains Chair of Peace

The purpose of this article is to attempt to enlarge on the idea of a "Professorship of Peace" as a war memorial. Some points in the statement are self-explanatory, and we will deal here only with those which are likely to be misinterpreted.

In order to broaden students views of international relations we have included economic, social and philosophical subjects. These considerations mentioned cover a good deal of material that should be included, but it is not intended to be a complete list.

An analysis of propaganda was included, as an attempt to prevent the scheme itself from becoming an instrument of undesirable propaganda. The course is suggested as a compulsory course on the University curriculum because the maintenance of world peace is a concern of everyone. In our opinion, university students tend to concern themselves entirely with the subject matter of their courses. The fact that we are attending a university does not relieve us of the responsibility of world citizenship. A compulsory course in addition to the regular study program would assist us to realize responsibility in this regard.

On the other hand, the time-worn statement, "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink," certainly applies to any compulsory course. Perhaps the most effective stimulator of interest in studies is the examination. However, these tests often fall short of creating a permanent interest in the subject. The motivation of interest in the course must be greater than that of passing an examination. Our suggestion for obtaining interest is that of group study on the various phases of the problems of peace culminating in press and radio reports.

In co-operating with the Department of Extension the intention is to extend the scope of the professorship beyond the confines of the university and to stimulate among all people of the province an interest in

Classified Ads

The Outdoor Club will hold a general meeting, Nov. 29, at 7:30 p.m. in Med. 158. There will be a demonstration of ski equipment as well as information on the club's ski instruction program and on the ski meet. Colored slides will be shown.

The University Choir wishes to announce that it will not be able to accept any further applications for membership during the remainder of the 1945-46 season.

FOR SALE
One Tuxedo, size 36, in excellent condition, \$35.00. Phone 25245 days.

There are several copies of previous Evergreen and Golds in the Book Store. These may be had at the following prices:
1937, 1939, 1942, 1943—\$1.00 each.
1944—\$2.00 each.

The supply is limited, so get yours early.
EVERGREEN & GOLD STAFF.

FOUND
A Silver Ear-ring and a Black Evening Bag were found at the A.K.K. Med House, 1131 88th Ave., after the Med Ball, and are there waiting to be claimed. Owners telephone John DePew at 32020.

LOST
Black Parker Pen on Friday, Nov. 17, in Men's Cloak Room, Medical Building. Phone 32827. Reward.

Brown Zipper-closing Wallet containing registration card, sum of money and important cards. Finder please return to Ardis Mochulski, 11022 81st Ave., or Phone 33060. Reward.

Brown Parker Pen with M. Huston on gold band on top. Phone 32708. 8377 117th St.

A Maroon and White Patterned Baboushka in Med Building Tuesday, Nov. 20. Contact Frances Holden.

Blue Parker Pen, between Med and Drill Hall, on Friday evening, Nov. 16. Turn in to Switchboard Operator.

Parker Vacuumatic Lady Size Black and Grey Pen. Contact Bill Zalenko, 25391.

A Blue Waterman's Lifetime Pen, near the Med Building, Wednesday. Finder please contact Alex Hunka at 34285.

Mr. Arnold Dean and Mr. John Kenwood are definitely available for Friday and Saturday evenings. Mr. Dean has big, brown soulful eyes, and is about 5ft. 10in. Mr. Kenwood is tall, has red curly hair and lovely blue eyes. Phone 32439 days.

the practical problems regarding the maintenance of peace.

In maintaining contact with groups having similar ideals, it is not intended that we should exclude any discussion group dealing with world affairs. Our idea on this point is to keep in touch with all people desiring peace as an ideal, but who may have a different method of approach to the problem.

The peace library will depend mainly on the finances available. It may consist only of a few books, it may be a room or it may be a building. Whatever the form, it is intended that it should provide an adequate source of factual material necessary to intelligent consideration of international relations.

A proposal of the establishment of a "Professorship of Peace" as a war memorial has been put forward. We believe it is worth consideration on the part of every person on the campus. Suggestions and criticisms will be heartily welcomed. Give the matter your serious consideration. Let us have your views. They may be addressed in care of The Gateway.

"Music At Nine" At Public Library

Some two and a-half years ago Mr. H. C. Gourlay, the Chief Librarian of the Edmonton Public Library, had an idea—a very fine idea. And this was it. It had come to his attention that a number of libraries in the East, notably in London and Ottawa, were presenting concerts composed of well-known classical music on records, which were being very well received by the patrons of the libraries. And so Mr. Gourlay had the idea, "Why might not Edmonton do so as well?" He talked this over with Mr. N. Alexeeff, of the library staff, and Mr. Alexeeff felt so enthusiastic about it that he offered to lend his private collection of recordings (until such time as the library should accumulate its own).

It was then decided that Mr. Alexeeff should take charge of the concerts. Mr. Gourlay asked if he knew something about music, and Mr. Alexeeff admitted that he knew a little. Actually, Mr. Alexeeff's knowledge of music is exceeded only by his personal modesty and deep appreciation for this branch of the arts.

Born in Kazan, Russia, he spent his youthful years at the then famous Zarskoe Selo, a private school sponsored by the Czar, and situated some twenty-five miles from old St. Petersburg. There he was given a thorough tutelage in the finer arts as well as in the practical aspects of education. In addition, he studied the violin for eleven years.

Shortly after attaining his majority he became an operatic prompter, which not only afforded him an excellent knowledge of the better known operas, but enabled him to travel extensively through Russia, China and Japan. Then one day in 1924 he embarked for Canada with the intention of establishing a new home in this country. He has been here in Edmonton since then, and with the library for the past eighteen years.

Though he enjoys all types of music, it must be stated that his years in opera have given him a leaning toward the vocal expression of music, with the result that among the shelves of recordings which he has amassed since the concerts began, are to be found countless excellent reproductions of some of the most famous voices: from Caruso to the Gigli, and Chaliapin to Pinza; from Gali-Curci to Ponselle and from Pons to Cappelletti. Indeed, the whole of the Tuesday evening concert is devoted to the playing of well-loved operas, such as Rigoletto, Carmen, Tosca, and Faust. Incidentally, he has some brand new ones which he intends to feature shortly.

Not all of the collection is operatic, however; among the one hundred and thirty albums are over seventy

Canadian Campus

Canadian Campus comes back with an emphatic, "NO" this week in answer to the charge that School Spirit has forgotten its manner during its six-years retirement and threatens to become vandalism. Two columns ago Canadian Campus reported Intercollegiate Sport is back; back with all the trimmings, songs, yells, parties and school spirit, but a school spirit which in some cases forgot the limit of good taste. "How far should school spirit go," the Canadian Universities were asked, "and when does it become vandalism?" Here is the answer:

From east to west university students agree that limits must be set to manifestations of school spirit. Student demonstrations of college loyalty, no matter how enthusiastic, must not extend to the destruction of property. When this happens, all reports agree that school spirit is no longer school spirit, but has become vandalism. Everyone has a good word to say for school spirit as such; it is an indispensable part of college life. The University of Montreal says, "It is the base on which student activities are built."

"School spirit," says the University of Manitoba, "should go just so far and no farther. When demonstrations cause damage to property, and annoyance to bystanders they should cease, because while still school spirit it becomes a reflection on the school. There is a time and place for everything. Students have every right to pride in the institution they attend, when fences are pulled down and a defenseless public kept from sleep, there school spirit should stop."

The University of New Brunswick reports, "UNB, like many universities, has a particular arch-rival, and we consider burning the effigy of Mount Allison, snake dances, torch parades sufficient demonstration of our defiance. There is no genuine hard feeling or thought of vandalism or violence. As a matter of fact we like our enemy."

College loyalty has a claim on the student and, "in the case of someone slandering his college a student should be prepared to fight to defend it; but to destroy property is going a little too far," comes from Mount Allison University. They add: "College spirit absolutely should not run to vandalism, when it does it becomes dangerous and destructive rather than something of which a college should be proud."

"Vandalism may be a mistaken idea of spirit and an excuse for rowdiness," according to Queen's University, "and has no connection with true school spirit."

Student opinion agrees with the view that vandalism is usually the work of an irresponsible few who have no real school spirit. As McGill University observes, "vandalism is a love of destruction for destruction's sake, in it there is no thought of school, spirit of school, or pride in school."

A McGill freshman gave the final word on the subject. When asked his opinion, he hugged the female questioner, and said, "That is school spirit, any more would be vandalism."

different symphonies, played by the best orchestras from both sides of the ocean. These symphonies comprise the Thursday evening concerts. The remainder of the collection is made up of a variety of recordings of lighter music, favorite arias, light opera gems, and tone poems, which are played each Saturday evening. And in conjunction with these is the occasional musical film, which provides visual as well as aural entertainment.

Generally the concerts last from nine until ten o'clock, but not infrequently, after the regular program is over, there will be a musical "P.S."—a sort of after-school session for those whose appetites remain unsatisfied by what has already been offered. And these prove to be a most enjoyable form of detention.

Schedule Highlights For Coming Week

Friday, November 23—
Interyear Plays at 8:15 in Convocation Hall.
Golden Bears Basketball at Drill Hall.

Saturday, November 24—
Final night—Interyear Plays in Convocation Hall.

Sunday, November 25—
Skating at the Varsity Rink.

Monday, November 26—
Archery at Drill Hall, 7 p.m.
Edmonton Museum of Arts, 8:30 p.m., Sydney Risk on "The Art of the Actor."

Tuesday, November 27—
CURMA general meeting in Med. 158 at 4 p.m.

Wednesday, November 28—
Archery at Drill Hall.
Students' Council meeting in Senate Chamber, 7 p.m.
Physics and Math. Club meeting in Arts 111.

Thursday, November 29—
Interfac Swim Meet at Y.W.C.A.
Make-up Club meeting.
Cercle Francais in Athabasca.

Friday, November 30—
Basketball in Drill Hall.

Reflections and Ponderings

ON SHARING THE ATOMIC SECRET

By Al Dubensky

Hitherto we have withheld any comments on the discovery of atomic power for a variety of reasons. We frankly admit that we could not carry on an intelligent scientific discussion on the subject because the study of nuclear physics is far beyond our comprehension. Our conversation, as well as that of many others, would be based on mere speculation as to its infinite possibilities and uses in our future economy.

However, because the economic uses of this new power are still in the distant future, the scientific aspect of this discovery does not interest us for the moment. There is one feature of the atom which is of immediate interest to us and that is, can the secret of atomic power maintain world peace and should the Anglo-American nations, who hold the secret, share it with the other allied countries? A decision on this very question was reached in a recent Washington conference attended by the premiers of Canada and Great Britain. This conference reached the conclusion that the secret would be shared among eight of the United Nations including the Soviet Union, upon certain conditions, and one of them being that, Russia state her political and territorial aims fully and completely. This decision is more towards the general direction of what should be done with the atomic secret, but the conditions which were attached showed extremely amateurish diplomacy on the part of the Truman Administration and the Labour Government of Great Britain. In the first place, neither of the Anglo-American countries prior to the Washington Conference of the past week dared to openly admit that they were reluctant to share the secret because the Soviets might use it against them if the political tangle in Europe was forced to a head. Secondly, withholding the secret from the Soviet Union is an indirect method used for trying to force Russia to tip her hand as to her aspirations in Central and Western Europe. In short, this scientific bulge is being used to gain that information which the London Conference failed to obtain.

The May-Johnson Bill in the United States was also a play far removed from "big league diplomacy." That hastily drafted document and the wide publicity which it received, sowed even more seeds of distrust in the political field. How can any group of statesmen ever hope to base the plans for world peace and security on a scientific formula? How can we entertain the belief that ingenious scientists are found in our countries alone? We have only to look more closely and see that the religion of the Soviet Union is science itself and that no effort or finance will be spared by the Soviet Government to provide its scientists with the best possible facilities to carry on this type of work. Once we bear these facts in mind,

we will then ask ourselves, how can we be certain that Soviet scientists will not surpass our discoveries in this field? Secrecy about weapons possessed will result only in an undercover armament race which will be the death knell to any plan for world peace.

The Soviet Union has never yet definitely stated its political aims in Europe except in general and ambiguous terms. There exists a feeling of distrust on their part towards the Western Allies, and we in turn express our suspicion and fears discussing the possibility of a future war with the Soviet, and by our policy in regard to atomic weapons. The distrust on either side is not entirely unfounded; the Soviets remember well the attitude of the Western powers towards their new regime before the war, and Western Powers remember well the attempt the Soviets made to disseminate their doctrine in other parts of the world. This is only one of the grounds upon which an understanding must be reached, but it is folly to believe that the possession of the atomic secret will frighten the Soviets and divert them from whatever aims they believe to be just.

Furthermore, it is not altogether an impossibility that Russia may refuse to accept the secret rather than acquiesce to the conditions attached. The refusal on the part of the Soviet would more than ever raise our fears and suspicions and intensify the political confusion which already exists.

Refusal of the secret by Russia is not likely, but certainly not impossible. Nevertheless, Russia's reaction to the decision of the Washington conference will afford an answer to many of the questions facing our diplomats. The response of the Soviet Government and press to the decision of the conference may throw some light on Russia's future intentions. The sharing of the secret now will not lessen the degree of distrust which already exists.

There has been too much emphasis placed on the possibility of atomic power preserving peace in the world. We must not overlook the fact that a scientific discovery will not diminish the burden of our leaders, and there is yet a tremendous task ahead of our statesmen.

Although scientists predict countless uses to be derived from atomic power, one of those benefits is not the maintenance of world peace, and if we attempt to lay the foundations of security on atomic power we will again witness the terrible destructiveness of that weapon.

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Prom Tickets on Sale Soon; Corsages Will Not be Worn

The first class dance of the year, the Junior Prom, will be held Saturday, December 1, at 8:30, in the I.T.S. Drill Hall.

Rod Cook will once again give out with both sweet and swing to please everyone's taste. Patronesses will be Mrs. P. S. Warren, Miss M. Faunt, and the patron will be Mr. A. Stewart, Honorary President of the Junior Class. For decoration and variety, tables and chairs will be placed around the outside of the dance floor to accommodate those wishing to sit out the odd dance. Here's more good news—refreshments for one and all will be served at intermission.

According to class dance tickets manager, Bruce Allsopp, tickets, at \$1.50 per couple, will go on sale on Tuesday morning, Nov. 27, in Arts Rotunda. Juniors, who get first choice, will be able to buy them Tuesday and Wednesday mornings from 9 to 12. Seniors and graduates will be given second preference, and will be able to buy their tickets Thursday morning during the same hours. Friday and Saturday mornings, Freshmen and Sophomores will be able to get their tickets. There will be plenty of them, so whether you are a junior, senior, grad., soph., or frosh, be sure to come. The hall is large, the music will be in the groove, and the food will hit the spot, so we are certain that this dance will be one of the big social successes of the year. See you there!

Fraternities!

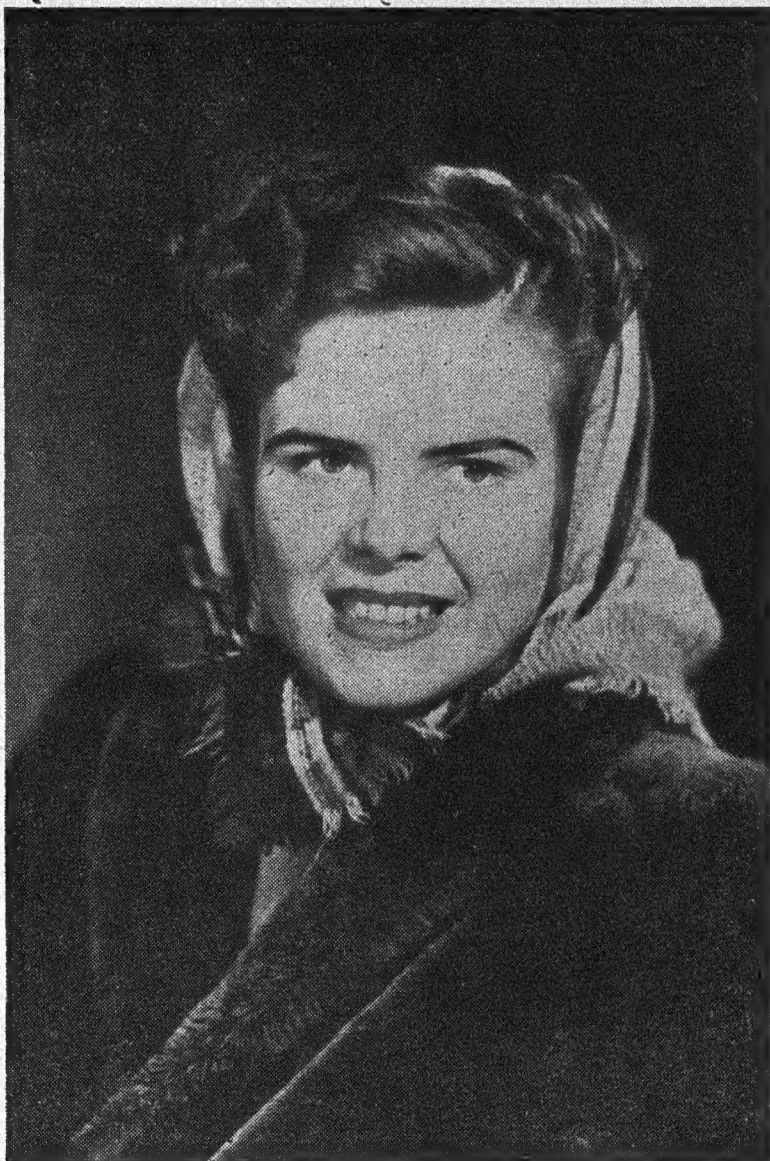
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Pharmacist Pranks

I staggered into the dimly lit, smoke-filled basement. I knew not what kind of an establishment I was in, but, glancing around, my eyes trying to pierce the smoke, I thought I could discern many familiar objects. There were tables, so immediately I thought of an eating place. Then someone hollered "Check," and I was convinced that I was right in my assumption. I could vaguely make out a wheezy, hardened old character behind a small counter, and then, as I started to pass down the aisle beside the tables, the word "Cue" fell on my ears. Could it be a drug store I was in? Surely not! But I couldn't be certain, for looking around, I thought I saw many persons who looked as though they could be Pharmacists. Then one of these Female Druggists approached me, a cigarette stub hanging from her RED-RED lips. In one hand she held a somewhat elongated pestle which looked as though it were being used to powder bluestone. She spoke, but I heard not, for through the haze, I began to see the light. I must be dreaming! I must be drunk! So I left it at that, and staggered up the stairs out of the place, trying to forget the horrible scene which I had just witnessed.

We understand that Mr. Ferrier, of the Street Railway System, is covering nicely from his shock of two weeks ago. It seems that two unidentified Pharmacists, who no doubt should have been Engineers, skillfully manoeuvred the massive Pharmacy banner, which had made such a showing in the parade and at the game, on to a street car. Considering that they broke only three windows, and that the Dent who had his eyes poked out might see again after a corneal transplantation, we feel that these spirited youths have much credit coming to them. After all, two ten-foot poles are not the easiest things to get on a crowded street car.

ENGINEERS' QUEEN?



Portrait by Tyrrell Studios

Miss Ellen Anne Millard is the first of a series of candidates for Queen of the Engineers' Ball to be held February 1. Each candidate's photograph will appear in a Gateway issue some time prior to January 23, at which time a full scale campaign lasting until January 29 will commence. January 30 has been set as the election date, election being by ballot and only Engineers to vote. The Queen will have her choice of any man in the Engineering Faculty as escort for the evening.

Miss Millard graciously accepted the third year chemical's nomination for Queen. She is 19 years old, 5ft. 6in. tall, has black hair and blue eyes. Ellen hails from Calgary, where she graduated from Central High School. Registered in first year House Ec., she is interested in riding, skiing, and skating, belongs to the French Club and the Outdoor Club.

Campus Responds To Waw-Waw Adventures

To any man: Did you sit home last Saturday night knitting that pretty sweater or delving into your Psychology text? Did you go for a lovely walk on Saturday afternoon? Did you sit beside the radio brooding on Friday night wondering what fatal lack of attraction had made this happen to you? Well, relax and take heart! It's all over, with no permanent harmful results, we hope.

But just in case you missed some of the fun and want a quick synopsis, Minister of Feminine Affairs Bud MacDonald has released the information that about 800 people were at the House Dance Saturday evening. The Scavenger Hunt on Saturday afternoon seems to have been an event that nobody has heard much about. Apparently it was hilarious. About 25 couples started from the Drill Hall in groups of four to scrounge a variety of articles including Hudson's Bay sales slips and operating room masks. Everybody made at least one trip over town and walked miles besides. Four o'clock was the deadline set for return to Drill Hall, and after that a small jam session was held to limber up a few unused muscles.

Other affairs to which Daisies dragged their Joes the same afternoon included dancing at the Barn, overtown movies, and skating at the Garneau Rink; but all this was strictly ex-officio.

Proceeding backwards (in anti-chronological order), Joes reportedly had an agreeably languid time at the theatre party Friday evening. A musical (more or less) skit was vivaciously performed by the Commerce Club; a tense melodrama complete with villainous-looking black placards was presented by the fearless (and probably dateless) St. Steve's boys (not all theologists); and a minstrel show with the aid of much shoe polish, the combined efforts of St. Steve's and St. Joe's Colleges wound up the planned entertainment.

However, most of the Joes demanded to be dragged to an expensive restaurant afterwards for refreshments, and had to practically be propelled to their own doorsteps to rest up for the big day and future dates Saturday, according to reports.

And now the lovely young damsels are frothing at the bit for a bid to the Junior Prom (a week from Saturday night), while the male species makes up its mind with lassitude.

The changing currents of life!

DR. ROONEY RECEIVES AWARD

Receiving one of the highest awards given by the dental profession, Dr. R. A. Rooney was presented with a life membership in the Edmonton Dental Society, at a dinner meeting held at the MacDonald Hotel on Monday of last week. Dr. Rooney is a member of the Dental Faculty, and his immeasurable contribution to the profession was lauded by Dr. D. S. Decker, who made the presentation. Dr. Hawkins, president of the Edmonton Dental Association, presided at the meeting.

Two guest speakers addressed the gathering, Dr. Harvey W. Reid, president of the Canadian Dental Association, Toronto, and Dr. D. W. Gullet, Toronto, secretary of the association.

Talented Directors Handling Interyear Dramatic Efforts

S.C.M. CONFERENCE

Rehearsals for the Interyear Plays have been going on nightly at Convocation Hall this week, and the plays are fast rounding into shape for the two performances this Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23 and 24. The artists have been having a lot of fun throwing paint and make-up on their faces, but it's hard work as well, and directors and players alike are putting a great deal of time into the plays to ensure their success. Here's a brief "how-do-you-do" introduction to the four directors, those poor unfortunates who notoriously "tear their hair out."

Jean Ferry is director of "The Jack and the Joker." An Edmonton girl, Jean graduated from Scona High, and later took a course at Edmonton Normal School. This is Jean's first year at "U," and as a matter of fact, she just received her discharge from the Wrens. She was in the service for 2½ years, spending most of her time at Cornwallis, N.S. Jean has had plenty of experience at dramatics, having taken the Senior Dramatics Course at Banff in 1940, and later having taught dramatics at Dapp (Alberta) High School. Good luck, Jean!

Back for a third year course in Arts, Barbara Fish is directing this year's senior play, "Three Hundredth Performance." Barb is a Calgary girl, and took her apples to Western High School before she started University. She has taken an active interest in campus affairs, was Treasurer of the French Club last year, and is an executive member of the Musical Club this year. Her dramatic work has given her roles in "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Lamp and the Bell." She took the lead in Dr. Sonet's French drama held last March. The experience isn't lacking—hope your directing is as successful, Barbara.

Maurice Freehill is one of the two males who is directing a play this term. Maurice was born in Chicago, but he moved to Marwayne, 170 miles east of Edmonton, at an early age, and took his schooling there. Maurice's chief hobbies include athletic coaching, painting, and directing youth groups, but he's not lacking in dramatic experience by any measure. Maurice holds a senior special drama certificate from the Department of Education, attended the Banff School of Fine Arts last

A Western Area Conference of the Student Christian Movement will be held on the campus Dec. 28 to Jan. 1. The theme will be, "The World Outreach of the Christian Church."

Delegations consisting of fifteen to twenty student members of the S.C.M. from each of the following universities will be present: U.B.C., Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Alberta.

Tentative leadership of the conference includes Henry Pitney Van Dusen, principal of the Union Theological Seminary, New York; Art Mosher, agricultural expert from India; Winburn Thomas, secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement in U.S.A.; Ted Johnson, representative to the University Christian Mission held here last year; and Tuman Schafer, author of "The Christian Mission in Our Day," who is at present in Japan.

Rev. Don Reed, U. of A. secretary of the S.C.M., has spent the last week in Saskatoon making arrangements for the conference.

summer, and was drama director at Notre Dame College, Wilcox, Sask., during 1943-44. His most recent effort is "Ladies in Retirement" with the Oyen Canada Club. Now we find you here directing "Into Thy Kingdom," Maurice. Best o' luck!

Alwyn Scott is the fourth director on our list, and as Vice-President of the Drama Club this year, Alwyn thought he may just as well try "pot luck" in the directing game. He is putting his players through the play "Johnny Dunn," a story which is based on life in Northern Alberta. This is Alwyn's first attempt at directing, but he has always been interested in the stage. An Edmonton boy, Alwyn took his schooling at Varsity High, and took part in several high school plays. Success to you in your latest venture, Alwyn!

JOHNS SPEAKS

Dr. Walter Johns of the Department of Classics will address the Newman Club Sunday evening, Nov. 25th. The guest speaker, a well-known figure on the campus, will speak on Prejudices. All Newmanites are requested to attend as this will be the last meeting of the fall term. Come and enjoy yourself!

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Males Take Life Leisurely At Dogpatch House Dance

Saturday night from 8:30 to 11:30 saw the Susies and Sams of U. of A. busy dancing to the music of Rod Cook's orchestra in the Drill Hall. The informal week-end house dance was well-attended as Waw-Waw made her last fling at dating a man for the climaxing function.

The "catch" preceded his date into the hall and beamed knowingly when he saw her dig down deep and deposit some clink on the table. Not content with this manly feat, they demanded that the "brave wee things" remove their overcoats, scarves, and in some instances, rubbers. Determined was the lad who required the girls to lead him during the dances.

Following the idea established for the Wauneta formal, may a lad boasted a corsage pinned on his lapel. They came in all shapes and sizes: some were flowers, others vegetables, but the show was stolen by the two individuals who sported powder puffs resembling faces (their own?), backed with lace doilies.

The more conventional male attire was broken by the appearance of one Joe garbed in typical L'I Abner fashion. Not content with dilapidated blue jeans, he added gaudy plaid patches at the knees. His eyesplitting tie was very chic, worn with a heavy wool plaid shirt.

And to complete this Dogpatch ensemble, Daisy gave her Joe a scent-rendering corsage.

Intermission was marked by a stampede of femininity towards the refreshment booths. Gallantly the weaker sex displayed their hurriedly-developed rugby tactics as they elbowed their way towards the rapidly-diminishing stock of donuts and cokes. Following her successful retreat, many a Daisy was met with only a nonchalant nod from her ungrateful Joe.

It remains unknown if the patronesses escorted the patrons, but nevertheless they attended the function.

Prior to the commencement of the dance, groups of nail-biting boys were found huddled together at the drug store, gulping coffee at the Sugar Bowl, or impatiently wearing a path in the rug at the Frat houses. Waw-Waw followed regulations explicitly by calling for her man, but few experienced the same privilege on the road home.

Minister of Feminine Affairs Bud MacDonald was a mere shadow of his former self after having successfully led the week-end of reversed procedure. We congratulate him on his tenacity and capability.

House Eccers Hear Speaker

The Household Economics Club gathered at Pembina Hall on Thursday for the monthly meeting. The first of a series of addresses on nutrition was given by Miss Lewis, Provincial Nutritionist. She is a graduate of Columbia University, and has had some very interesting positions. She spoke to the club of her experience as a hospital dietitian. The talk was most enlightening, and showed that a dietitian's life is very interesting even if it is no "bed of roses."

She encouraged the aspiring dietitians when she said that the future looked bright when so many were about to graduate and join the ranks of dietitians. After her talk she chatted informally with interested club members.

Yehudi's Disappearance Brings Him Fan Letter

Edmonton.

Mr. Editor: Where's Yehudi? His gibbering prattle is missed. Did somebody finally catch up to him?

Yehudi was useful. He gave searching wolves definite warning where not to howl. He placed prominent bait before the unheedy. He highlighted campus society. Who does not like to have their name in print, even in The Gateway?

Is it possible to stuff "Vox Studenti" in again, or is he, she or it too busy?

Yours truly,
DOUGLAS ANDERSON.

ENGAGEMENT

A well-known campus two-some, both taking Commerce, became engaged Friday evening. The happy couple is Verona Elder and Bob Milner.

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THE GATEWAY



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YOUR PLANS, PLEASE

We have a complaint—a long, loud complaint. We want someone to listen to it, and what is more, we want someone, anyone, to do something about it. Will someone do something about anything on this campus? Is there any point in suggesting ideas to anyone? We have suggested things now and again; we think they have been good suggestions. However, they do not seem to arouse any comment, anywhere. Why? Is no one interested in ideas? Is everyone satisfied? Well—are you?

So many times lately, a friend has approached us and asked, "Did you hear that talk last night—it was a dandy?" "Did you attend the whatsit meetin? What an evening!" Often we have to answer "No, I didn't even know about it." Why didn't we know about it? Possibly because it was not advertised in The Gateway. Why wasn't it advertised in The Gateway? Possibly because The Gateway must rely on much information of this nature being sent in voluntarily. Why didn't the schedule man have it on his list? Possibly because he is concerned only with Students' Union activities. Well, then, what is the solution? Is there a solution?

Certainly there is a solution. It actually takes very little intelligence or effort to supply the solution. However, and this is the catch, it takes a little effort from a lot of people to make the solution work. Can we do it?

If any club, any group, any organization, be it student, faculty or otherwise, would just be kind enough to place their program, their meeting schedules or whatever they plan to do in a little box which is placed in the switchboard in the cashier's office, our problem would be solved. If they would just state whether the meeting is closed, or whether it is open to anyone interested; what time it is; what the admission charge is, and where it is to be held, we would be perfectly happy. If this is done The Gateway will include all these events in its schedule.

We still think it's a good idea, we still think it can work. We are still afraid, however, that it won't work, and we are willing to offer two tickets to the Junior Prom to anyone who can suggest a way of making this solution work.

It's a small problem; it's a problem of co-operation. Can we not co-operate on such a simple scheme?

6,000 M.P.H. WITHOUT ATOMS

Can we co-operate? Must we co-operate? A challenge was thrown to those who attended the last meeting of the Science Association. Dr. G. N. Patterson, a former U. of A. graduate, and now officer in charge of the Aerodynamics Section of the Australian Council for Scientific Research, after discussing war research, particularly German, stated: "It is not a matter of can we get along together, it is a matter of we must get along together?"

Dr. Patterson explained that many recent developments of the German V-1 and V-2 would make it comparatively easy for one country to rain atomic bombs on another. Even

without the use of atomic energy these self-propelled weapons can reach speeds of 6,000 miles an hour. By the use of surprise attack, even a large country could be brought to its knees before it could gather its wits.

In the face of developments of this nature, we still harp people voicing anti-Russian sentiments, anti-almost anything that enters their mind. It is not a fault peculiar to ourselves. The Russian newspapers are reported to be of much the same tone as those of America. Is this not the type of thing that breeds hatred and war? Can we afford to continue to harp on these vague rumors? Can we afford to be smugly independent behind our Atlantic and Pacific moats and our Rocky Mountain portcullis? The day is here when these defences must go the way of the feudal castle, to be supplanted by a system of peoples working together.

TO CRITICS

In any free-thinking institution there is a large percentage of self-appointed critics. They can see more things wrong than a Communist candidate in a general election. They are quick to find faults and discrepancies. They can spot trouble a mile away.

That is good. Where freedom of speech and thought is cherished, critics should always flourish. His Majesty's loyal opposition is the leading example of a body designed principally to find faults, and recognize loopholes. That is its duty. So it is the duty, as well as the privilege, of all free people to be on the alert for mistakes, and injustices which occur in the community around them.

However, within our campus' boundaries, these critics often create confusion and dissension. Rather than as an asset, they are usually regarded as a painful nuisance. There are two reasons for their failure to perform their important function.

In the first place, the critics too seldom adopt the proper means of expressing their sentiments. They gripe, beef, squawk and grumble when and where it will do the least good and the most harm—behind the backs of the men whose actions are questioned. This one result is reached: the critic has convinced himself that the men are incompetent, prejudiced, or ill-intentioned (if not all three), and the buds of discontent have blossomed in the minds of his fellows. Such a result is little to be desired. When they do offer criticism it is often bitterly or sarcastically phrased, which doesn't help much. In the second place, the people on the receiving end of the criticism too often accept it when it is forthcoming, with bad grace, and immediately rise to their own defense.

Much more could be accomplished if those who have suggestions to offer passed them on directly to the persons concerned. Even if the criticism suggests no improvement, location of faults serves a useful purpose. Grumbling behind a person's back is no good. A straight-from-the-shoulder complaint will get action.

Those behind the wheel should welcome suggestions, sort out the wheat from the chaff, and wind up a little wiser.

A five or ten minute talk, even on the telephone, will usually clear up misunderstandings or sore points. At any rate, it can do no harm.

Let us, on both sides, adopt a sensible approach in the matter of criticism.

News and Views
From Other U's

QUEEN'S DEFENDS STADIUM AGAINST VARSITY VANDALISM

Students of the University of Toronto travelled to London, Ontario, on November 5 for an intercollegiate football game with Western. Previous to the game many acts of vandalism were attempted by the arrivals, and some were successful, but most were prevented by the preparations made for defence of their stadium by Western men.

The Varsity publication describes how the grounds, which are surrounded by a narrow body of water, had their two bridges heavily barricaded by means of cables, barbed wire and heavy logs. Communication alarms concerning any "raiders" discovered by spotters stationed at various points were transmitted, via cruisers, to guards, provided with portable radios at the stadium itself. Approximately 300 students were on call throughout the city to take their turn for a two-hour "defense shift".

One group of "raiders" succeeded in passing the enemy lines to paint the wall of the stadium with a blue "U. of T." The alarm was given, and the chase was on. Six cars travelling abreast across the field caught the fugitives in their headlights, and they were soon captured. Punishment consisted of having wobbly "W's" shaved on the tops of their heads.

London's City Hall sported a big blue "T" for everyone to see, and any low-flying airplanes couldn't help but not the blue "U. of T." on the Victory Loan convoy balloon.

At the starting point of the game, Varsity supporters ran across the field, armed with bags of lime and cans of kerosene to form a blazing "T".

Although Toronto threw fuses tracks onto the field, it is questionable who was responsible for the tear gas and stink-bombs which permeated the Varsity section during half-time.

XAVIERIAN STUDENTS' UNION WANTS STUDENT SUPPORT

The Xavierian Weekly from Antigonish, N.S., points out that "voices have been heard to the effect that the Students' Union is purely an honorific establishment, and that its heads are a mere group of embryo

CORRESPONDENCE
An Open Letter to Mackenzie King

Sir: Recently in your junketings abroad you have not been slow to sing Canada's praises; that is as it should be. But you have also included Canada's Rehabilitation program, and while it is a truism to state that it is not good to run down one's own country while amongst strangers, nor is it considered good politics to openly show up the weaknesses of one's own regime, may we ask you whether, as you made the foreign rafters ring with your praises, there was no qualm on your mind, no pricking of your conscience? As you outlined your Government's Rehabilitation Program for all the world to view, was there no stirring of disquiet and unrest? For the rehabilitation program isn't working, and you know it. No matter what is promised to a veteran, it is no good unless he has a place to live. That is why we say it isn't working. You know it, and what is even more important to you is that the veterans and the veterans organizations know it as well. Remember, sir, for whom the program is designed; it is for veterans, who are not deceived by great promises and zephyr hopes; they are able to try and test and measure a man and a program. You of all people will appreciate this fact if you recall your visit to the Canadian troops in England in 1941. These men are measuring the Rehabilitation and have found it lacking. Their gratuities are eaten up living in hotels and hovels because there isn't any other shelter for them. Gratuities have not been their nest egg; they have been broken and scrambled in the housing debacle. Soon veterans will not be able to accept either university or technical training because there is no housing available in these centres. The veterans who wish to build homes find there are no supplies. Every phase of the Rehabilitation at some point along the line founders on housing.

Mr. King, the number who are vitally interested in this, the veterans of this and the last war, represent almost five million votes. That is a lot of votes, even to a man who has promised he will not run again. Here at the University of Alberta, housing for the veterans is critical, and it will be even worse in January 1946 and in September of the same year. As matters stand at present, many will not be able to come to university because there will be no place for them to live. This is not a problem to be settled either by the Council of the City of Edmonton or the Provincial Government of the Province of Alberta. It is your problem, Mr. King. Yours and the Government you head. It is your scheme of rehabilitation that has dumped large numbers of people in centres of education that is not right, and just that the housing should be shifted to local government in these circumstances, or that you should laud your Rehabilitation Program when you know that thousands will not be able to accept it because there is no housing for them. The time has come for decisive action. You do not like to lead the people; you would rather be pushed by them.

This is the beginning of a program that will push you into action. The situation is so desperate that we suggest an emergency billeting scheme such as was used in England for the evacuation of London. This

would be drastic, and it would in all probability cost you and your party a small number of votes—but remember the potential 5,000,000 who would approve and applaud. Another step to a solution would be to arbitrarily decide once and for all which department at Ottawa is responsible for housing, and then give it no rest until they have it settled. At the present time any one who goes to the Capital on the question of housing is given the run around from department to department. You say that you are retiring. Why not crown your political laurels by heading the department yourself and make housing your swan song. There has been many a less glorious ending. But even if you cannot do this, remember before you once more indulge in a paen of self-praise, the Rehabilitation scheme is in great danger, and only action at the top, immediate action at Ottawa, can save it.

WILLARD RORKE,
Vice-President of CURMA.

Every CURMA member, every student at University who is interested in housing, and who is adversely affected by present conditions, should do all or one of the following:

- (1) Send a copy of this open letter to their Federal member, their Provincial member.
- (2) Write letters themselves to their members.
- (3) Gather together and state facts about housing and about Rehabilitation being adversely affected by present conditions.

(4) Try by every means possible to further a Dominion-wide campaign to demand action now before Canada's Rehabilitation scheme founders because of housing.

WILLARD RORKE,
Vice-President of CURMA.

Edmonton.

Dear Sir: Your paper astounds me—it is rapidly assuming the rebellious attitude of the "Orphan." I love it. You are absolutely "keereet" in your bludgeoning of the student population for its lack of spark. At one time the old school had a lot to be proud of.

Your editorial, the "Suicide Wave" write up, "News and Views," the "Tiger's" effort, and "Do We Worry" are lovely. Maybe "Casserole" is gone, but you still have a lot on the bit. I won't promise to rush in and try to do things that others don't seem to give a — about doing, but apparently we have a nucleus which keeps try.

Keep up the good work, and may some kind act of the gods add to your numbers until we can once again say we have a University, not just a — library.

"GEORGE."

P.S.—Was pleased to see that someone captured infinity for Dr. Sheldon. Often used to wonder if someone would score there.**

Editor's Note:

- *Heaven forbid.
- †Censored.
- ‡Censored.
- §So did we.

We would appreciate it if the authors of letters would let us know their identity, even if it is not for publication. This letter, however, was such a happy change, we will publish it anyway.

MUSICAL CLUB PRESENTS PROGRAM SUNDAY NIGHT

The program to be presented by the University Musical Club in Convocation Hall at 9:00 p.m. on Nov. 25, 1945, is as follows:

1. Paper O Canada Dr. D. B. Scott
2. Piano Rhona Corbett
- (1) Réverie Debussy
- (2) The Swan Palmgren
- (3) Romance Sibellus
3. Vocal June Sigsworth
- (1) Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal Roger Quilter
- (2) Shoes Kathleen Lockhart Manning
- (3) The Night Has a Thousand Eyes Hageman

Accompanist: Frances Kitchen

politicos who are simply a spurt of new blood in the aging veins of an already decaying institution.

The article goes on to say: "If the Students' Union is not totally active as regards their duties, and they are doing a very good job for the support they have, the students, and only the students, are to blame for not taking an active part in the Union. A nation is built upon its citizens. It reflects of its citizens. At the last Union meeting some 265 students were present. For a male student body of 475, this is simply a fair average. It would be well to point out that those who take the most active part in the Union are the seniors. I hate to think of what would happen if the Senior class, barring the Union heads, ever missed a meeting. Glum silence would prevail."

The article concludes with: "To blame the Union representatives for inactivity is a grotesque enigma, which I fear, is absurd. Co-operation is the basis of all strength. If every student takes an active part in the Union, the outcome will be agreeable to all."

SING-SONGS TO BE HELD AT MCGILL

Sunday evening sing-songs have commenced at McGill University. The get-togethers are to be completely informal, and everybody will sing the tune unless urged to harmony by some inner impulse. The program for the season will include popular songs, but it is hoped to introduce some of the folk songs of England, and later some of the great songs of the world will be added. It is hoped that eventually evenings of song will be held with a repertoire unique in college life.

ALARM CLOCK SHORTAGE AT VARSITY CAUSES LATE STUDENTS

A shortage of alarm clocks at the University of Toronto is the cause of many students arriving late, says their newspaper, "The Varsity." The consequences of the clock shortage are more far-reaching than they might seem to the casual observer. When Campus Joe finally rockets out of bed in the morning, he's already missed two lectures, and so redoubles his efforts to be on time for his third. He dons his trousers over his pyjamas, puts his shirt on backwards, and does a fair imitation of Dagwood flying through the front door.

In one of the frats, however, the problem of getting up without an alarm clock was easily solved. They

UTTER RUIN

The greatest temptation which befalls us (the British) now is to yield to depression, to feel that the tremendous struggles of the past six years have resulted only in ruined cities, starving people and near-chaos in Europe, and shortages, strikes and general malaise at home.

The Council of foreign ministers failed to reach agreement on political issues. But a far more lamentable demonstration of spiritual bankruptcy was the fact that with millions of human lives depending on the joint action of the Great Powers, the Council did not give priority over every other issue to immediate steps to avert a vast human tragedy. Instead of deploping these failures and being overcome by depression we have to ask ourselves what we can do this winter to save Europe from famine, disease, violence and utter ruin.

LAND

A leading Dutch churchman spoke in London recently of his country's plight: "Ours is the most thickly populated country in Europe, supporting itself before the war by intensive agriculture. German destruction and allied bombing, necessary to drive the Germans out, have destroyed thousands of acres. Reclamation will take years, and in Holland there is a strong demand for German agricultural land to be given to Holland to feed our people and to house our dispossessed farming population."

HEART

Something of the spirit in which we could regard the task of an army of occupation is conveyed in a letter which has reached us from a Lieut. Colonel in the British zone in Austria. He writes: "Nowhere in Europe will it be easy, and already we fear possible epidemics, almost certain starvation in some areas, and absolute certain desperate cold and lack of fuel. . . . However, though many of us who, while the war was on worked hard and who since the war ended have worked even harder, are feeling weary, there is no loss of heart, and we know that by our efforts a tremendous amount can be done to help Europe through the first big battle of peace, and thereby lay the foundations of a stable order. So naturally, we are going flat out, without respite or thought, except in passing of relaxation. One of the great things is that just as in national crises, there is a making of co-operative administrations based on realistic and practical concepts."

"The third thing to be done is to render whatever aid we can to mitigate the sufferings of men, women and children in Europe. Thousands of people in this country want to help. To the administrator, several thousand people wanting to send pats of butter, tins of beans and woolly vests from central England to central Europe are a perfect nuisance. No voluntary aid can of itself save the millions of lives which are in jeopardy. But we have to face the fact that there are vast untapped reserves on which we can draw for large-scale, government schemes of relief. Only careful national housekeeping enables the Ministry of Food to maintain our rations. We are going to be no help to Europe if we ourselves after years of rationing (which has fallen very hard on working families with growing children) fall victims to epidemics. But there are many who can spare something, which might at least save someone."

DAM

To dam the springs of pity is an act of violence to what is best in men, likely to harden the mind and deaden the conscience, and we hope that those who are trying to get Government help in conveying what is collected in this country will stick to their guns. An act which shows that some people care deeply for the saving of human lives is as important as any vast impersonal relief scheme for rebuilding the future.

—The Christian News-Letter.
QUOTEUNQUOTE.

DR. KAREFA-SMART

Dr. John Karefa-Smart addressed an informal supper meeting at the University Cafeteria Thursday, Nov. 8. The theme of his talk dealt with co-operation and understanding. Dr. Karefa-Smart impressed his audience as a very capable, well educated young man. He spoke well, giving expression to his keen sense of humor, and at the same time maintaining a tone of seriousness throughout his talk. He won the respect and attention of those listening to him with little display of effort.

He outlined his early life as a member of an African tribe, where only contact with other people was through warfare, which he stated was possibly less damaging than our rugby games. This annual war was, as a rule, with a neighboring tribe living on the edge of the Sahara desert, the members of which, through lack of iodized salt, developed goitre, and as a result were looked down on as inferior to his own people, who obtained salt containing iodine from sea water.

He mentioned that he was the first one of the tribe of 350,000 to obtain high school education. On arriving at Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone, to register he found himself placed beside a member of the inferior goitre tribe. This, he claimed, at that time made him feel as badly as if he were an American from the South who had been placed beside a negro.

During the course of their education the two became close friends. It was the first time the members of these opposing tribes had met under such circumstances. They began to realize that there was a much larger world than the small area in which they had been brought up. As he says himself, "We realized our ignorance and the narrowness of our views, and rose above our environment. We saw not only our tribal area, but the country of Sierra Leone, and beyond that the world."

He had been strongly impressed by the ideal of service which he received from the teachings of the Mission School he attended. He cited his own case, where he and his friend, being leaders of the two tribes, have risen above division with the result that warfare and strife between the two peoples are a thing of the past.

He emphasized that false assumptions must be overcome, that there is no place for the personal attitude in world affairs, that we must rise above our desire to satisfy our own needs regardless of the expense to others concerned, if we are to work toward the ideal of co-operative world—a world family.

NFCUS Explained

The N.F.C.U.S. is representative of Canadian students, and each of the sixteen Canadian universities are members of the organization. The delegates selected by the various universities meet annually as an executive council. Within the council itself a five-man executive committee is elected which carries on the work of the group throughout the year.

Exchange scholarships, whereby undergraduates from one university may spend one year during their course at some other university, with both Students' Union fees and tuition fees waived, is one of the major projects of the N.F.C.U.S.

The executive council is free to discuss any national or international student problems, but must refrain from making religious or political commitments except when a unanimous vote is recorded.

The annual conference offers an ideal opportunity for student executive members to discuss methods of conduct of business, student activities and organizations. Often during these discussions delegates obtain information of value to their own universities. Certain of the discussions and suggestions receive serious consideration by the government.

Millionaire

By making himself financially responsible for P.M. (which accepts no advertisements), and by founding the Chicago Sun as a challenge to the isolationist and reactionary influence of Colonel McCormick's Chicago Tribune, Mr. Marshall Field has rendered notable service to up-right and fearless journalism in the United States and elsewhere. Not less praiseworthy have been his efforts to check the monopolistic tendencies of powerful news agencies and of large advertisers. He believes in the right of a free people to know the facts through the medium of a press, and a radio, unhampered by vested interests. In a word, he, the heir to a vast fortune, has lived up to his principle: "For the future of democracy to be secure, for freedom to be more than a word, those with financial and political power must regard the constant rejuvenation of freedom as their pressing duty."

—Wickham Steed reviews "Freedom is More Than a Word."

MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR

The Music Appreciation Hour, given each Thursday in Convocation Hall from 4 until 5, is open to any who are interested. Papers on the records played will be given by students in the music classes, or by Prof. Reymes-King, and for any who enjoy hearing good music, the hour is an enjoyable opportunity to further their knowledge.

In connection with the shortage of textbooks, we hope the students will bear with us, as we are doing all in our power to get deliveries quickly from the publishers, but many of the books are being reprinted in the United States, and that is the chief cause of the delay.

THIS DEPARTMENT IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

The Gateway LITERARY PAGE

Daredevil

by Skidder

Pine Valley is a snug little village. Houses, in the still cold of mid-winter, seem to draw comfortably back against the big hill, as if removing themselves as far as possible from the icy expanse of the broad Mosquito river that forms the western boundary of the town. Thick columns of smoke from two hundred chimneys trace white vertical lines against the dark blue sky. By the alleys in between rows of cottages swing the dark, sagging telephone wires.

One of the wires carries the animated gossip of Mrs. Whiteley to Mrs. Perkins. The elderly man in Central's office leaves the two numbers connected on the switchboard, and goes back into the living quarters for another cup of coffee.

"Danged if they're not at it again," he muttered. "Two or three times a day. Don't know what in blazes they find to talk about."

Mrs. Whiteley had exhausted the more choice bits of gossip. In fact, she had now started on her own domestic problems. As she prattled on, however, there were no signs that she was running out of material.

"But next winter, I guess I ain't gonna have no raspberries to put down. Them rabbits comin' outa the hills is eatin' my canes down somethin' fierce."

"Well, why don't you George put a couple a pickets in that fence corner? How d'ya expect to keep rabbits out with a big, gapin' hole in your fence? It's two years now since it was busted."

"George, he still says them pickets stay out. And you know George. He vowed at the time, he did, 'If that young harum scarum Michael O'Hara can knock 'em out, he can danged well put 'em right back in. Them's George's very words."

"But ain't you never goin' to get 'em in?"

"George says if young Michael don't put 'em in, nobody puts 'em in—and if they did, like as not Michael would come flittin' by again an' knock 'em galleywest. George is that stubborn."

In high school, Michael had been the most devil-may-care boy in the place. His plans and tricks flashed with an added spice of pure, clean mischief. Because his time was so completely spent in thinking up mischief, Michael's school work suffered. His examinations results always bordered the pass mark, with a tendency to slip just a little below it. But then, why worry! He could always produce some excuse so novel, intricate or unimaginable that no teacher could doubt its truth.

As an athlete, he was spectacular. The tall, lithe body, his sense of timing, his unruly, curly hair, the wide-mouthed grin, and the reckless, laughing eyes all warned visiting teams that here was the boy to guard. His hockey was brilliant

with original plays and unusual coveries; his tennis was flavored with well-devised tricks; the basketball team hatched up winning plays with his inspiration; but bob-sledging, above all other sports, offered to that wild spirit the most daring challenges. Many times each winter, Michael's daring on the sleigh ride became Pine Valley's leading news event.

Old Razor Back, forbidden as a sleigh-riding hill by a village-by-law, was Michael's special delight. No modern, paved highway had replaced the old, steep, serpentine trail of the wagon days. It had been modified only slightly here and there by taking out a few kinks, widening the bed slightly, or lessening the grade.

Other youngsters than Michael rode on the hills. Broken bones, strained ankles, cuts and bruises testified to its popularity.

But there were days when most people wisely kept from the dangerous slopes. Chinook winds, sweeping up the valley, would turn the snow to water, then, in departing, leave the water as a thin sheet of ice on the roadway. On such a day, Michael's Irish grin was even wider; a bob-sled never moved faster or offered more thrills.

And so it was on the day when George Whiteley lost four pickets from the corner of his fence nearest the foot of old Razor Back. Michael had coaxed two of his chums to join him after school on the icy slopes. They began with a contest to see which of them could drive a few hundred yards down the hill and come closest to steering the sled over a steep cut-bank on one of the lower bends. From this contest, however, Mr. Whiteley's fence was perfectly safe because the sled, having skidded around the particular bend, was guided down a side-trail to avoid a railroad crossing just above Mr. Whiteley's back garden.

After several turns down, as they were swinging the bob-sled into position for another ride, the boys saw a car chugging up the slope. It slipped, swerved, skidded in spite of the chains which cut into the ice. Gradually, slowly, it advanced up the slope. As the rear of the car passed them, Michael and Ed ran for it, dragging the bob-sled behind them. The sled was not a professional model, but a crude, homemade thing with a rope for steering gear. This rope, the boys looped over the rear bumper of the car—if the driver were only human, he might give them a lift clear to the top of the two-mile hill! By this time, Gerald had opened the door to the back seat of the slow-moving vehicle. Uninvited, the three boys piled in.

"Howdy, boys. Guess the ice suits you just fine?"

"Just right for us," Michael agreed, "but it's a tougher on the old buggy."

"At least you kids got some sense,"

said the driver, without taking his eyes off the glazed road. "Most kids just jump on the sled back a the car. Damn fools, drags on the engine fierce—never know when the old rattletrap'll back up and run over the hoodlums."

At last the car levelled off at the top of Razor Back. "Well, this looks like the end of the ride for yer fellows. Don't break yer necks goin' down."

As the car eased slowly forward again, the boys swung the sled around, jumped on, gave a starting push, and were off. "Time it!" yelled Michael, as he crouched at the front of the bob, the steering ropes wound tightly round his wrists and gripped awkwardly by his mitten hands. Ed glanced at his watch. The sled swooped forward, skidding broadly around corner after corner, swerving, tossing, sliding, gathering speed at every yard. The boys held on tightly, leaning well into each curve as it came. In this respect, the action of the sled was as important as those of Michael; they could, by leaning wrong just once, sweep the bob-sled rolling over and over off the road.

All three stared hard at the rushing road, timing each lean at each corner, anticipating the corners as they flew up in one long sheet of glaring whiteness. They stared, too, in dread, yet pleasurable, anticipation of something else. Somewhere on one of these sharp curves they might meet a team of horses or one of the rare cars that climbed up from Pine Valley. Furthermore, the railroad wound around the base of the hill from the south, and a sharp eye must be kept on occasional glimpses of the track through the bush for any train approaching. This time, at the speed at which they were travelling, there could be no darting down the side trail above the crossing.

The sled sped on. It rushed to the upper end of "Big Bend," the broadest on the hill. For nearly a quarter of a mile the wider road arched around in a horseshoe curve. As the sled rushed on, with eyes teared by the cold up-rushing wind of their movement, the boys spotted a hay rack coming around the lower end of Big Bend.

"Watch it!" yelled Michael, his words whipped away in the roaring air. "Horses don't look scared!"

Steadily the boys watch the hay rack as they sped toward it. But one thing they failed to notice. Around the corner, behind the rack, came a small coupe. It now pulled out to pass the team. Between the two vehicles there seemed to be no passageway for the sled.

Hungrily swallowing the intervening distance, the sled swooped down. Down the middle of the road it came, its position determined by the angle at which it had started on the curve. To try to swerve sharply with so light a craft would be to skid into the horses or to overturn on the wheels of the car. Straight on the sled shot.

"Duck!" roared Michael, at the same time throwing himself backward violently, retaining hold of the guide rope and keeping his feet on the steering bar. The other boys were bowled over like nine-pins. Michael kept his head high enough, though awkwardly, to see the approaching vehicles, but no higher than was necessary. He guided that rocket within a foot of the horses' hoofs, and Gerald caught a glimpse of a huge, round hairy hoof that thudded down like the gavel of Fate. On the other side, Ed shrank from the dirty under-belly of the car, its wheels magnified ten-fold in his distorted glance.

Past the hooves the sled streaked, and underneath the overhanging side of the rack. The flow of the road, three feet from the ground, seemed almost to scrape their noses as they sped under it. Lying on their backs, looking up, they could see the rough boards, the cracks with the wisps of hay flashing above them. Then, suddenly, the boys were gazing up at the blue sky. "Made it!" yelled Michael. Straight on the sled raced. One hurried glance at a farmer and a car driver too startled to be sure just what had happened—and the sled tore on down the hill.

For a few seconds curves flashed past less carefully attended, but two or three near plunges over dangerous banks forced the boys to concentrate on the business in hand. The speed increased.

The railroad was free of trains. The boys on the speeding bob breathed more freely when they realized that the approaches were clear. But, with a start, Michael saw too late that something else was missing from the crossing. There was no snow on it! Dark brown planks, and the black lines of rails loomed threateningly.

Zigzagging the sled back and forth across the road, he sought to break the terrific speed. Slowing the sled somewhat, he slanted along the edge of the road to catch the smallest possible corner of the crossing.

Thrown off course by the rude jerk of the bare crossing, Michael fought desperately with the leaping, unruly sled, trying to miss Whiteley's fence. His success was only partial. One runner of the front bob crashed into the fence near the corner of the yard. Splintered pickets flew. The sled spun to a stop.

"Well," Michael surveyed the wreckage, "that did it."

"Say," grimaced Gerald as he limped and rubbed his thigh, "it must be all of two weeks since we last wrecked this crate."

"Hey, guys!" exclaimed Ed, "just two minutes and a few seconds. Pretty close to fifty miles an hour. That oughta be a record for old Razor Back."

As the boys examined the sled

more closely, they became aware of the appearance of Mr. Whiteley on the steps of his back porch. They remembered an important engagement elsewhere—in fact, they seemed overdue—and something in the general appearance of things seemed to cause Mr. Whiteley to turn a lively purple and to use language that is not generally considered fit for the ears of the young. It was on this occasion that George Whiteley "vowed" that no hand but that of Michael O'Hara should mend his broken fence.

The whole village of Pine Valley followed the adventures of its sons in uniform with enthusiasm. Michael O'Hara became a first class fighter pilot. "Just the boy for it," everyone said. "He always was a daredevil."

Somewhere in Germany there are mountainous hills. There also a boy grew up and learned to steer a charging bob-sled, slipping, banking, swerving down an icy course, a boy who gave up the games of youth for the goose-step and a stiff salute. But he remembered how to swoop down in a fast-moving vehicle. In fact, he turned corners sharper than even Michael O'Hara. "And now," says Mr. Whiteley, "I just can't bring myself to fix that hole in that there gold-danged fence. It's sorta like a monument to the finest kid that ever grew up in this here danged burgh."

The rabbits hop in and out of a big, gaping hole in the corner of the fence nearest old Razor Back. It kinda looks like soon there won't be a single ras-berrie cane left in that there danged garden.

PLAYS

FRIDAY and SAT. NIGHT

Convocation Hall

8:15 p.m.

Around the Bookstores

"A Lion Is In the Streets," by Adria Locke Langley. Blackiston Co., \$3.00.

"The slothful man saith, there is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets."

"As the door turneth upon his hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed."

—Proverbs 26, 13-14.

Thus, in her first novel, Mrs. Langley turns to the Bible for her title, and has definitely shown her ability as a writer. This book may shock you, but then people like to be shocked a little.

We see a picture painted; the picture of Hank Martin, a self-made man, who went from pen-peddler in the swamps to Governor of the Magnolia State. He had that quality which made women sigh when they met him. He, himself, called it "kindlin' power."

After an early marriage, Hank settled down in a little country shack with his wife, Verity; that is, he settled her down, while he covered the district organizing the swamp-dwellers for his future political campaign. His English was atrocious, equalled only by that of his neighbors. He would quote almost any passage from the Bible and in the next breath utter a series of oaths and vulgar expressions to put any man to shame.

The people saw in Hank Martin a champion of their cause. He promised them everything from good roads to an equal distribution of wealth. Ah me! That line has a familiar ring to it.

Sometimes he took Verity on his campaign with him. On one occasion they were visiting a family with a thirteen-year-old daughter, Sunny Lou, who already showed promise of blossoming forth into a very beautiful young woman. Hank called her the Flamingo, and she was just that. But this girl had personality, and how! Although only thirteen, she was jealous of Hank's marriage (remember, he had kindlin' power), so she tried to feed Verity to an alligator. For this little prank, Sunny Lou had her head shaved, her face blackened with

Land of Rembrandt and Ruysdael, Land of turmin windmills, of red and yellow tulips. Round red cheeses in the shops, -spices from Java, Jolly skaters on the frozen canals.

Mud, slime, Water to the waist, Cattle floating bloated. Starving people.

Sunny land of grapes and olives, Raphael's paintings of gentle-eyed Madonnas. Lovely Venice and Pisa's Leaning Tower. Rome where all the roads lead.

Winter—mud. Summer—dust. Snipers in the vineyards. Death along the highway.

France: Paris: Chanel and Schiaparelli, Arc de Triomphe and the Tuilleries, Orleans: The Maid on her White Charger, Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.

Queues, black market. Blank dazed faces. Lucille, shaven headed. (Where is Lava?)

"Our book is 'Lands Across the Sea.' May I take my wooden shoes?"

It is easy to persuade a man to do what he is anxious to do.

THE GAY OUTLOOK

Columnist for the University of Denver "Clarion"

... by PETER GAY

Owen Lattimore, in his book, "Solution in Asia," suggests that a large part of international relations depends on what he calls the "policy of attraction." That is, simply, the effect a country's politics, both internal and external have on other countries. We should realize for our own benefit that at present the U.S. is not following a course that is likely to attract other nations into our orbit. We are rapidly losing prestige, "using up our reservoir of good will," to borrow a Wilkie phrase, due to our muddled policies both at home and abroad.

President Truman suggested a common sense, liberal program for orderly reconversion and post-war prosperity, but almost all of his proposals are either being defeated or so sadly emasculated that nothing is left when the Congressional wrecking crew gets through with them. That has proved true with the Full Employment Bill, which might as well be called now the "Full Unemployment Bill," and many other proposals. President Roosevelt lost some important battles, but he always managed to salvage most of his program and his international standing was never impaired. As President Truman's influence diminishes here at home, his prestige abroad will also decline.

In our foreign policy we are in even worse trouble, mainly because our actions don't match our pronouncements. We solemnly warn that we will not recognize governments that have been imposed by a foreign power (significantly glancing at Russia) and at the same time we keep conveniently silent about the British in Java or the French in Indo-China. We are emphatic in our condemnation of interference in the affairs of a smaller country

by a large one (and at this point we cock a meaningful eyebrow at the Soviets), but we are interfering in the Chinese civil war all the same. "Oh, no, we're not," you may say. "We're only defending our troops against attacks by Chinese Communists." But the fact remains that we have been transporting Chiang Kai Chek's troops and thus putting our marines in a position where they can't help getting in the line of fire. It is equally true that General Wedemeyer has informed a Chinese Communist leader that "if fire continues against our forces I will order an air strafing mission against the village." I wonder how our airmen will feel about our high-flown policy declarations as they shower a helpless village with machine gun bullets.

Our appalling lack of leadership has further been demonstrated by the atom bomb issue. The British, using Bevin as a mouthpiece, have gone out of their way to link their foreign policy to ours (a nice little Anglo-American alignment against Russia which we should reject), and yet we followed their lead in the Truman-King-Atlee atom bomb declaration. Of course, internationalizing the bomb is a sensible step (this columnist was only one of many advocating such a step), but there is no reason in the world why we could not have made this suggestion first, instead of confusing the issue further by talking about "sacred trust."

Let there be no mistake about it: we possess intelligent, bold, farsighted statesmen, both in the executive and in the legislative branches, but these statesmen are in a small minority. If they continue to remain in the minority, we can only look toward the future with profound pessimism.

SLEEP

Now blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep; it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap; and it is the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even.

—Cervantes.

To silence the critic let him tackle the job which he criticizes.

K. M. HENRY

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FAMOUS PLAYERS

PRINCESS—Fri., Sat., "Bride by Mistake," with Laraine Day and Alan Marshall; also "Paris After Dark," with George Sanders, Philip Dorn and Brenda Marshall. Mon., Tues., Wed., "For Whom the Bell Tolls," starring Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman, in Technicolor; also "Talk of the Town" (Novelty), plus News.

GARNEAU—Fri., Sat., "It's a Pleasure," starring Sonja Henie. Mon., Tues., Errol Flynn in "Objective Burma." Wed., Thurs., Fred MacMurray in "Where Do We Go From Here?" in Technicolor.

CAPITOL—Fri., Sat., "Out of This World," starring Eddie Bracken and Veronica Lake. Mon., Tues., Wed., "Conflict," with Humphrey Bogart and Alexis Smith. One week starting Thurs., "Along Came Jones" with Gary Cooper and Loretta Young.

EMPRESS—Fri., Sat., Mon., "Rockin' in the Rockies," with Mary Hughes; also "Booked on Suspicion," with Chester Morris. Tues., Wed., Thurs., "Dangerous Partners," with Signe Hasso and James Craig; also "Swingin' on a Rainbow," starring Jane Frazee and Brad Taylor.

STRAND—Fri., Sat., "A Wing and a Prayer," with Don Ameche and Dana Andrews; also added, "Saddle Serenade," starring Jimmy Wakely. Mon., Tues., Wed., Ann Sothern and Joan Blondell in "Cry Havoc"; added feature, "Sweet and Low-down," with Benny Goodman.

DREAMLAND—Fri., Sat., "The Thin Man Goes Home," with William Powell and Myrna Loy; added feature, "Nevada," with Bob Mitchum and Ann Jeffries. Mon., Tues., Wed., "The Robins Came," with Tyrone Power and Myrna Loy; added feature, "The Conspirators," with Hedy Lamarr and Paul Henreid.

ODEON THEATRES

RIALTO—One week starting Friday, "She Wouldn't Say Yes," starring Rosalind Russell and Lee Bowman.

VARSCONA—Sat., Mon., Tues., "Home in Indiana," starring Lon MacAlister; also "Sing a Jingle." Wed., Thurs., Fri., "Kismet," starring Marlene Dietrich and Ronald Colman; also "Young and Willing," with Wm. Holden and Susan Hayward.

ROXY—Sat., Mon., Tues., Danny Kaye in "Up in Arms" and "The Falcon and the Co-eds." Wed., Thurs., Fri., "Frenchman's Creek," starring Joan Fontaine; also "Slightly Terrific."

UP CURTAIN

C. M. Dankwick

A few weeks ago we made some uncomplimentary remarks about censorship of motion pictures. We'd like to set them out again, but think it unnecessary; arbitrary suppression of facts and situations which are considered obnoxious by a small board of so-called experts, will always be abhorrent. But there is another field in which censorship, as guided by the common sense of all the people, is a necessity. When a picture not merely depicts a risqué situation, but instead has as its theme a story of obviously dangerous implications, then it should be stopped.

How many youngsters go to the movies on a Saturday afternoon? No statistics are available, but in many families it has almost become a ritual to hand Johnny and Jimmy a quarter after lunch and pack them off to a show. Often they are dumped by busy mothers in the front row of the local flicker house early in the afternoon with a caution not to move away till Mummy calls for them at five-thirty. The lady, who loves both her boys dearly and hushes her husband over the supper table if he drops a "damn," trots off to do her shopping, never realizing that what Johnny and Jimmy may see, will cause not only temporary indignation, but may leave its mark on the child's sensitive nervous system.

Children don't look at movies the way adults do. They live them, they project themselves into the action on the screen, and identify their own lives with those of their heroes and heroines. With many it has become a religion to see every cowboy movie; it's not Gene Autry who is chasing the "bad guys" all over the sage till he finally catches up with them and turns them over to the law. Heck, no! That's Johnny com-

manding the cattle rustlers to stick 'em up, while Jimmy dashes through the night to fetch the sheriff's posse. It's exciting and good fun and the "right guy" always wins, because that is the way it should be. Everybody knows that blackmailers and hold-up men are "bad guys." So when they're finally caught there is a tremendous cheer that shakes the roof of the theatre, and then the second feature starts.

First, there's weird music and gruesome changing and superimposing of skulls and hangmen's ropes. Kids move up to the edge of their seat, and Jimmy takes Johnny's hand. Everybody waits for the Ape man and the Werewolf to make their first appearance. The audience isn't quite sure whether to be thrilled or scared, and for a while they manage to tell each other and themselves that it isn't real. But then, just fifteen feet in front of them the beautiful lady suddenly begins to turn into an awful looking animal. One minute she looks almost as pretty as Gene Autry's girl friend, and then her nails turn into long black claws, the skin on her face becomes wrinkled and dark, her teeth grow bigger and bigger, her eyes are small and mean looking. How can a thing like that be a fake? It's right there in front of them on the screen.

A few of the more daring ones

leave their seats and edge up to the stage to investigate. Sure enough, that's what it is. People can be made into animals if only you inject a certain fluid into their bones. It's very scary, and Jimmy would just as soon go home, but Mummy won't be back for another two hours, and they'll have to see it all over again. So he tells little Johnny not to squeeze his hand so hard, that there's really nothing to be frightened about and that Gene Autry would soon be on again. That night neither Johnny nor Jimmy sleep very well, for they both have bad dreams. But they don't tell Mother or Dad about it, because if they do, there'll be no more candy before bedtime.

Not long ago the board of censors ordered the actual newsreel scenes of the execution of a German homicidal maniac to be cut. But little if any objection is taken to the flood of pictures streaming out of Hollywood in which are detailed the most cruel and inhuman methods of torture ever devised by a perverted mind. These monstrosities, the products of warped imaginations, placed on the market by people devoid of any sense of responsibility, these are the subjects of censorship.

Don't blame the manager of your theatre for showing them; he has no choice, for he is bound by contract. But let the censors stop looking for imaginary inuendos and vague undercurrents in comedies. Let them instead judge a picture on the obvious effect which it will have on an impressionable audience, which may include your daughters and sons. Let them condemn those shows that contribute nothing and injure many.

Glib Gobblers of Globular Capsules

Writ by



There's a rage on at present which is the biggest development since Charlie Chaplin quit being an actor and became a producer. It is the addition of those shiny little capsules of gelatinous energy—the Vitamin Pills.

These apparently inoffensive, impotent little pellets are amazing in all respects. They look worthless, but cost more per month than the Alberta liquor ration for the same period. They appear powerless, but Hajash swears by them. They are sold in such a variety of shapes, shades and assorted packets that regardless of the taste, size of teeth or bore of the esophagus, any prospective consumer can be satisfied.

If you yearn to bounce with vim, vigor and viscosity, you should look into the matter of selection with a serious but open mind. Greater study than even in the choice of what shoe-laces to wear with your brown oxfords is required. The following

- : COLLEGE QUIZZ :-

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO BEHAVE AT A MEETING?

- If the monthly session is called for eight o'clock, you should:
 - Arrive at least ten minutes late.
 - Phone at five to the hour to find out what time the meeting will be held.
 - Stay at home and do your Gateway assignment.
- Let us assume the conclave is at a private home. Which among the following should you bring along?
 - A soft chair.
 - A ham sandwich.
 - The Sunday comics.
- The minutes are read. The chairman asks that you vote them adopted. You should:
 - Ask that the fifth sentence from the end be re-read.
 - Move an amendment to the motion.
 - Declare the chairman out of order.
- Somebody makes a motion. You should:
 - Start a conversation with your neighbor.
 - Threaten to resign if it is passed.
 - Second it.
- You want to make a very important motion. Should you:
 - Get up on the piano and shout everybody else down.
 - Wait till somebody asks that the meeting adjourn.
 - Just forget about it.
- The speaker needs no introduction, but the

chairman likes to hear himself talk. After the first twenty minutes you should:

- Start trimming your toenails with a pocket knife.
 - Throw the knife at the head table.
 - Hit the chairman in the vocal chords.
- After the speech there follows a question period. You should request the speaker to state:
- Why he came.
 - Why he stayed.
 - What his views on a suitable war memorial are.
- At two in the morning, people are still asking for definitions of communism and what the world will be like in two thousand years. You don't give a damn and should:
- Ask in a loud, clear voice where the washroom is.
 - Dislodge the treasurer from the chestfield and go to sleep.
 - Commence reciting the Gettysburg Address.
- At last the end is in sight. There remains only the question of how to get the guest to his hotel. You should:
- Hand him a green street car ticket.
 - Tell him it is just a five minute walk from 77th Street to the Mac.
 - Beat all the other fellows to the door and leave the old boy standing in the hall wondering "what the hell."

From Our Mailbag . . .

Tiger Attacked

By Lonely Lady

Pembina Hall,
Nov. 10th, 1945.

Editor, The Gateway.

Being a member of the female sex, I feel constrained to let you know that I do not agree with the "Tiger" on a few points contained in his article appearing in The Gateway on Nov. 9th, "Are Women More Intelligent Than Men?" His emphatic "yes" to the question was appreciated in Wauneta quarters, and we admire said Tiger for admitting the fact. But, on the other hand, we protest violently against his stating that "it is in a woman's best interest to obtain a husband as soon as possible."

Who wants a husband? In fact, who wants a man? (Please, girls, don't all shout at once!) Why should we like the guys? Since way back when, more time has been wasted, more tears have been shed, more toil and suffering and misery has been caused by the general cussedness of men than for any other reason. Let me cite a few examples.

Each sweet I'll co-ed can have the most wonderful time at a house dance when she goes stag. A different partner for each dance. All one has to do is to crawl stealthily up behind a male, hit him over the head with a club, and drag him out on the floor before he regains consciousness. And for expending this small amount of effort, she has the pleasure of the aforementioned male stepping all over her feet for three dances or maybe longer.

Or go out somewhere with the steady, and watch him spend all night staring at the dame in the gh-goh outfit. But see how mortified he'll be if you try looking like said dame some night.

I could go on all night, but what's the use. As you have probably gathered, as far as I'm concerned, "It seems that misery is just a thing called Joe."

But, ahem . . . you know, boys, you wouldn't have to twist my arm very much to talk me into giving you my phone number.

Signed,
A WOMAN OF THE FEMALE SEX

OPUS ONE

By SEMURI

It appears that one person out of every two is a mental case, but please don't look at me. Who decides just who is nuts? This has always been of interest to me and never of so much interest as now, when one out of every of us is that way.

I wonder why we can't be Napoleon or some other interesting person and not have to face the weird looks of our companions and not have to see the waggings of heads and the looks of sad sympathy?

We want to be gently mad only to rave on some occasions. Would you like to be a fish? Then you could wander on the sandy bottoms of little streams and dodge among the pebbles and open your mouth and squeeze the water out through your gills. It would be superb. Or maybe we could be crickets and sit in the grass on the long, summer evenings and make gleeful noises and enjoy ourselves no end.

He, who is sane, is at a great disadvantage, you know. I have often wondered what it would be like to be a brass button on a policeman's tunic or to be a flap on the wing of an aeroplane. It would be a good way to see the world. Or perhaps you would rather be a bird, great business being a bird, get a perfect view of everything when you are in flight. Wouldn't you like to sit up on top of a mountain and view the country? I would like to be a duck, I think, and then I could do those perfect take-offs and landings that only a "bird amphibious" can do.

It is not for me, but there are people who would like to be a horse. In fact, some actors manage to become part of a horse and nearly everyone manages to make an ass of himself at some time in his life. I saw a horse the other day having a wonderful time, rolling in the snow. Why don't we go out and roll in the snow once in a while. "What, and let people think that you are mad." But we are, or at least half of us are.

If you are of the school that prefers to stand still, then maybe you would rather be a fire hydrant. You would have a lovely red coat unless you lived in Halifax, and then you would have a green coat, but in any case it is a nice, clean, fresh, outdoor life and you could watch life go by, and you might even help to put out a fire.

What would it be like to be a nose? They are so interesting, out there in front. Reams could be written on noses. They are in other people's business a large part of the time, and it is warm there. They generally lead the way on to all your adventures. They are caught in doors, blown and tweaked. They are of various sizes and shapes, going from fine large purple ones that go with varicose veins to the little red pesky ones that go with Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable compound. Ah, to be a nose!

But then, children, you will say that you are not one of the two, of the four, out of which two are one of those who are. And if you aren't, then you are in all likelihood a "crat." I know that it is a stupid waste of time to bother with you as a "crat" for in that group you will find eventually that you are the maddest of the lot, in that you will not have enough sense to know that you are mad. Some of our leading people are in the category "crat" this very minute; we have the demo, techno, bureau, pluto, auto and aristio. But we can't bother with you now for I must make a cup of tea. I am a tea pot.

Secret

Mary—Margaret told me that you told her that secret that I told you not to tell her.

Betty—I told her not to tell you that I told her.

Mary—Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you if she told me, so don't tell her I told you.

If You Think This is
Corny—Read These

A farmer was hauling a load of manure past a nut house. An inmate, looking out, asked him what he had there.

"Fertilizer," replied the farmer. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it on the strawberries."

"Is that so? You should live here; we get sugar and cream."

News item: Sing Sing football team wishes to play West Point. Probably trying to prove that the "en is mightier than the sword."

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PLAY UP

I may not like the way the cards are shuffled,

I may not choose the game, nor ask the play,

But yet through changing odds I shall, unruined,

Play like a man what's dealt me day by day.—Anon.

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WALK-RITE

Edmonton's Smart Store

Around The Town

By DICK SHERBANIUK

This week this column pays its respects to the unsung and oft-unappreciated Edmonton Street Railway System which plays such an important part in our daily living. The base of operations for our transportation system is a large (170 yard by 50 yard) brick structure surrounded by curving rails and resting far from the scurry and whirl of main street, namely, at 80th street and 117th avenue. Boarding a blue-and-white car going east, one goes to the end of the line, steps off the car into a freezing blast of Sunny Alberta, and directly to the right lies a very large brick building covering almost an entire block.

Following the rails which branch off from the main car line will bring you smack up against four or five sets of large yellow double doors. After struggling vainly for five or ten minutes to gain admittance thereby, it is advisable to turn to the right, walk several yards down the road which runs the length of the building, and enter by the door which opens into the side of the barns. A word of counsel might be given here; the door has upon it in large letters, "Trespassers will be prosecuted," and "Caution—Watch for moving cars behind this door." (It is prudent to inquire as to entrance at the office across the road beforehand). After opening and cautiously peering behind the door

in order to preserve life and limb as long as possible, you enter into a dimly lit cavern. If curiosity impels you to gaze overhead at the blackened beams above, and to walk forward at the same time, you will find yourself sprawled in an inglorious position some five feet below the main floor in one of a number of concrete trenches which run the length of the building, and over which the cars or busses are run when overhauling is necessary. For safety's sake, cross over one of the bridges to the other side of the barns where the foreman's office and the shops are. Walking the length of that side of the building you can see the electricians' shop, the machinists at work, the blacksmiths and welders' shops, the stores where tools and maintenance equipment are kept, the general foreman's office with its records of car purchases, routes, etc. There is even a little man in the carpenter's section who is responsible for cutting the kindling wood with which warmth is maintained on board the cars. And in this dimness between the smoke-grimed walls echoes the sound of men at work.

In interviewing Mr. T. G. Pain, the accountant, I was told that Edmonton's Radial (later changed to Street) Railway System began on November 8, 1908, with about half a dozen cars. Expanding steadily

since then, Edmonton now owns 75 street cars, 28 busses (with two more on order), and 14 gas and diesel busses. The street cars are gradually being replaced by busses, the newest proposal designed for running busses over the High Level to the South Side. Incidentally, the cost of a bus or street car runs at \$21,000, and there is little difference between maintenance costs of the two.

The long cars with the centre doors which you no doubt have seen, were purchased in 1930, and in 1939 the first installation of busses was effected.

It is interesting to note that car number one, the first ever bought, is still in operation.

The Street Railway System goes into operation with the first car being on Jasper by 5 a.m. and running until midnight. Owl service continues to all points until 3 a.m. (the last car leaves Jasper at 2:00), so practically a twenty-four hour service is available to the city. Ten cars and two busses are on owl service, maintained every night but Sunday.

Over 115,000 people are carried daily on the street railway; the maximum stands at 139,000 for Saturday, November 3rd.

Having heard so much concerning the weird objects often found in ticket boxes, I was shown by Mr. Pain the little office where the tickets are checked. It had been a rather quiet day, and the only ticket-substitutes were several theatre stubs, a meat coupon, and receipt stub from the Nova Scotia

Light and Power Co. In passing, it might be mentioned that the tickets are not counted but weighed on a scale which is so adjusted that 50 tickets counted onto the small scale pan will balance 5,000 on the large one, and the balance is so delicate that it can be read to the nearest ticket.

Going over the barns, I went to the general foreman, Mr. H. Ward, who has been with the system since 1911. He told me that the street railway employs 400 people, of which 100 are kept on maintenance. The cars are checked every 500 miles, overhauled completely every thousand, while the busses, being newer and more self-contained units, are checked every thousand miles. Since a car travels between 170 and 200 miles per day, depending on its route, it means that each street car and bus has to be gone over every week at least. One hundred and seventeen overhauls every seven days is a pretty fair average for 100 maintenance men, and each job must be inspected before it leaves the barns to insure complete safety for passengers. So next time the car you are riding pitches and creaks and groans, relax!

Frosh: "How do you get rid of fleas?"
Soph: "Easy enough. Have an alcohol rubdown, then roll in the sand. The fleas get drunk, and stone themselves to death."

From Soup to Nuts

By Curly

Waw-Waw Weekend
I wonder why the girls of the U. of A. chose this particular time of year for their open season on the male. Precedent in at least one country gives a lead for a much better season; in Norway there has been since ancient and pagan times the custom of Midsummers Day being set aside as a time when any unmarried girl is forgiven anything she may do in order to get her man. Who will deny that the Norwegians have a definite advantage due to the time of year? A summer breeze is much more conducive to amour than a cold wind rushing uninterruptedly from the polar regions. Many a freshette at the U. of A. might well ascribe her Waw-Waw Weekend failure to the frigidity of the gale rather than the male. Think it over, girls!

Of course, as many of our girls would point out, Norway has a disadvantage, too. The majority of the Norwegian girls are beautiful individually, for the poor lassies have not had the advantage of haor-do's and facial makeup imported wholesale from the latest Hollywood rage of the moment. As a result, they are stupid enough to be natural. Incidentally, girls, I did have a Waw-Waw date.

Be Kind to the Faculty Week
Don't you think it is time we started a drive to sponsor a week or even a month of this nature. There is Be Kind to Animals week; Be

Kind to your Mother-in-law week; Be Kind to Boy Scout and Girl Guide week. The time has come for a Be Kind to the Faculty Week. Don't forget that almost from time immemorial, and that means after the last war (or the next but last), classes have been made up of simple souls who attributed to a professor a degree of Deity which in most cases prohibited either criticism of the professor as such, or thinking independently on the part of the student. Now that the classes are filled with so many older students, mostly veterans who have learned to measure facts and people at their face value, adulation has disappeared and the Deity has fallen from its pedestal. (Some of the Deities are, I am certain, very happy; others are not so minded.) By the same token, the married veterans should exercise great care in the excuses they trot out for a late essay or a missed lab or lecture. Heretofore such excuses as "I was walking the floor all night with a babe, pardon me, baby," or "my wife is ill," have been the exclusive excuse for a lousy lecture or a missed period on the part of the professor. Now even the realm of the "domestic excuse" has been invaded and wrested from them. So let's remember these things, and for at least one week stop rushing the faculty; leave them a few perogatives—remember, they'll be here long after we're gone.

"ANGLES"

By The Tiger

From my lofty vantage point atop the ash can in the Arts rotunda, I see many strange and alarming sights; aside from freshmen engineers. This literary equivalent of an ivory tower, though lacking the mechanical height, is ideal for one like myself who wishes to give the impression that he is writing from an exclusive and superior position. Thus when Deacon Quigley rudely spurned the thing in favor of the less refined air of the Law Library, yours truly found himself the centre of a knock 'ed down and drag 'em out affair to decide who was going to take over the thing. After a few friendly volleys of gun fire, I found that my only opponent left was some guy in white trousers with a pipe stuck in his face. Naturally I assumed he was an interne who like myself wished to use the pail as a spot from which to watch the passing female parade, but on removing my spatula from his back, I recognized him as a janitor who had been trying to empty it since 1941.

It was during my first week at my new post that I uncovered a fact that when properly understood is serious enough to make an engineer want to throw himself on his slide rule or make a medical student turn to drink. Thus, assuming my best Report to the Nation air, I wish to record that there is an alarming tendency among the new crop of Freshettes to come to University under an impossible condition known among them as "going steady," which as far as I can make out, closely parallels the restrictions imposed upon one by marriage, at least as far as their availability for dates is concerned. From what I can recall of my freshman days, a Senior was next to God in the eyes of my Freshette classmates. All he had to do was make the fact clear that he was available, and instantly he was swarmed with invitations. I was told to bide my time until I, too, would assume that God-like state.

Accordingly, last week I donned my oldest and dirtiest coat, wrote a complicated formula on the back of i, and headed for the Arts building and my ash can, secure in the knowledge that even a fool could hardly fail to recognize on me the unmistakable stamp of the lordly Senior. Two days passed before I realized the terrible fact that the old upper classman allure was a thing of the past; even the rope stretched across the hall seemed to have little effect. On the third day, somebody hit me on the head with an apple, and I knew that I was finished. As I was preparing to return to the Medical building and my test tubes, a girl whom I had never seen before came sailing down the

The Herd Replies

By Centaura

Who in the heck is this Taurus anyways? No doubt he is some character soured off because the only girl who ever kissed him goodnight was some femme with a low I.Q. to match her taste in men. I don't think any girl at the U. of A. is making an obvious effort to be the leading glamor gal on the campus, but it is quite natural for a girl to wear lipstick—it's been done for years.

Also a word about this nail polish deal. Naturally it looks like hell when applied improperly, but the majority of girls take a little time grooming themselves before they step out for the evening, and she usually manages to choose a shade to harmonize with her dress.

I think a few remarks should be slung in here about men's taste in clothes. The girls have managed to weather the strain of flashy ascots slung carelessly around the neck and tucked into the open sports shirt. However, it seems that the knitted tie is one that is still going to hang around for quite a while. Not that they are bad in a conservative color. But some of the canary yellow jobs seen around are just too much to ask of an innocent bystander, to say nothing of those with the various broad stripes of colors running horizontally.

Another eyecore in the field of ties are those with the large surrealist patterns splashed over them in all the god-awful colors that a child of three would throw together. Now, a new trend in ties seems to be the vogue, those with birds, animals, etc., splashed in the very centre of a tie which has a very plain background in order to show the figures off to their worst advantage. Then, of course, we mustn't forget the very chic bow tie which looks best when the coat is thrown open and the hands are jammed in the pockets. This combined with long rows of buttons, staring you in the face, makes a tall man look like a string bean, a broad man look like a Bowery bartender, and a short man like a perfect gonn.

All that remains to be said is: "Thank God a few men on the campus have managed to strike a happy medium in their choice of ties."

hail. Hastily I rolled the ash can at her, hoping to flatten the little devil against the opposite wall, but my aim was poor and all I succeeded in getting was two Ags who were looking for the North Lab.

I button-holed a freshman engineer who had been leaning against the wall thinking guiltily about all the cokes he was going to consume at the next E.S.S. shindig, and demanded of him an explanation of the sudden fall from grace of Senior men.

"Well," he said, "the Freshettes are all going steady."

Prodding him further, I gathered that "going steady" involves a preposterous arrangement with some male, whereby no other male is allowed the privilege of the female's company. In most cases, I am told, it is bigger than both of them. Apparently there are degrees on the thing, ranging from eating breakfast together, which represents the height to which this form of madness can arise, to the lower emotional scale in which the male merely sees the girl once a day. Nowhere in the picture is there any room for that Forgotten Man, the Senior of the Class of '46.

At this stage my friend dived into a spot somewhere near his heart and proudly came up with, not his liquor permit, as in the good old days, but with a dog-eared photo of some wench to whom he had avowed his undying love 'way back in Whistletop, his home town. Apparently this sort of thing had spread to the freshman class as well.

"Aren't you afraid that she will marry an American?" I asked him. "Their planes go all over the province now, you know."

"Naw," he says, "she told me I was the only decent thing in her life."

It set me to thinking, I wonder if I could become the only decent thing in some girl's life?

SKIPPING LECTURES

WITH CLEMEN
From McGill Daily

HEARD AROUND THE CAMPUS

Junior to cute co-ed in the cafeteria—"Tell me about yourself—your struggles, your dreams, your telephone number—" . . . in the lab—"Looks hot as hell!" Onlooker: "These students have been everywhere!" . . . at a soda-bar—"I don't think I look twenty-two, do you dear?" "No, dear, not now, but you used to!" . . . In the men's common-room—"My girl is untidy, nagging all the time, extravagant and doesn't understand me." "When did you meet this other woman?" . . .

THOUGHTS WHILE SHAVING

SHOOTING'S TOO GOOD FOR—that fly that buzzes around the room just when I'm dozing off . . . the usher that stops the ticket-line just as I'm sticking my money out for a dance . . . friends who telephone before noon Sunday mornings . . . Street car and bus conductors who pull away just as I get to the door . . . people who ask me if I'm going to the Prom in front of the girl I'm NOT taking . . . bridge kibitzers who tell you how THEY would have played the hand after I've gone down two, redoubled, vulnerable (1000 point penalty) . . . cute co-eds who don't return your Hello. . . .

AROUND THE GLOBE

Several hundred students from London universities caused a near riot in their determination to invade the Lord Mayor's parade (a sort of pagan which attracts children in droves) with banners belittling the ceremonial event. . . . The World Youth Conference, which met in London early this month, established at its final session a new international organization—the World Federation of Democratic Youths, which will have headquarters in Paris. . . . delegates from sixty countries adopted a manifesto declaring the doors of the federation are "wide open to freedom-loving youths who uphold the United Nations", and who are pledged sincerely and selflessly to fight for lasting peace."

SPORT SHORTS

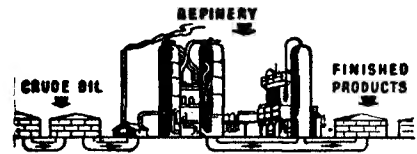
JIM CORBETT fought in the prize-ring for 18 years and never had a black eye or a bloody nose. . . . In one game LUKE FARRELL threw out 8 men trying to steal bases. . . . EMMET FRENCH played Pinetop with a putter in 80. . . . SIEGMUND KLIEN, weight 14 lbs., pressed 224½ lbs. to arms length over his head. . . . SOVESKY of Stanford University pitched a no-hit game against the University of Southern California. . . . LEST . . . JIMMY JOHNSTON, playing for San Francisco in the Pacific Coast League, stole 124 bases in one season (301 games).

INTERESTING

FACTS ABOUT OIL

How Science Works a Miracle in

OIL'S "House of Magic"



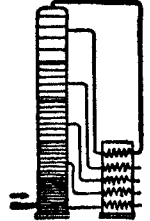
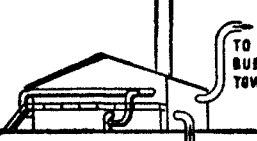
If you were to visit one of Imperial Oil's seven Canadian refineries, it would be like stepping into a veritable "house of magic". Natural crude oil is piped in at one end . . . and after many complex processes comes out in the form of more than 500 different products, ranging from chemicals for synthetic rubber and gasoline and oil for cars, to wax for candles and asphalt for roads!

You begin to see how this miracle happens when you look at a kettle of boiling water. As everybody knows, water has a boiling point of 212° Fahrenheit. At this temperature it gives off steam, which can be condensed to form distilled water.



Crude oil, however, is not a pure substance like water. It is a mixture of many different chemical compounds called "hydrocarbons", each with its own particular boiling point. As a result, when crude oil is heated, it gives off a succession of vapors as the temperature is raised. By keeping these vapors separate and condensing them, crude oil can be broken up into gasoline, kerosene and other oil "fractions".

This is what oil men call a "pipe still". Inside are many hundreds of feet of steel pipe heated by burners inserted through one wall. The crude oil is pumped through the pipe and raised to a temperature of about 725° F. It then enters the "bubble tower".



This is a simple diagram of a bubble tower. It is a tall, steel drum in which the heated crude oil is separated into its various "fractions", which are drawn off through openings in the side. The bubble tower is very hot at the bottom and comparatively cool at the top.

Every two feet or so up the tower there are large steel discs or trays, like big pie-plates, containing liquid formed by condensation of some of the hot oil vapors.



This shows how the trays work, and what happens inside a bubble tower. The hot oil vapors rise from the tray below and bubble through the liquid in the tray above (hence the name, "bubble tower"). The light vapors, escaping from the liquid, rush upward to higher trays. The heavy vapors, however, are condensed and carried off in liquid form through pipes. More and more vapors are condensed as they pass through the trays higher up, and are drawn out through the sides of the tower at various levels.

The typical Imperial refinery, with its bubble towers and other fascinating processes is truly "a house of magic". Out of it comes gasoline to power our cars . . . fuel oil to heat our homes . . . kerosene for the farmers' lamps and stove . . . lubricating oils to keep the wheels of industry and transportation rolling . . . waxes for floors . . . asphalt for roads and airport runways . . . even basic ingredients for Miss Canada's cosmetics. All the crude oil is utilized to bring to modern living a total of MORE THAN 500 DIFFERENT, USEFUL PETROLEUM PRODUCTS!



IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

In There Punching! Undeclared Bears Head City Hoop League

By Murray Stewart

Coach "Shorts" Purcell will be taking his Senior Golden Bear hockey hopefuls through their paces next week. Practices are to be held daily on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, from 4:45 to 6:15.

The Golden Bears are defenders of the Halpenny Trophy for Intercollegiate hockey. Andy Purcell certainly has the ability to mould a strong squad given something to work with, but just what material will be available for the senior team is an intangible of a higher order. Since there has been no inter- varsity ice play for several years, we have no hold-overs of known quality upon which to build a team; this team must be a brand new edition, right from scratch—not an easy job for any coach.

For those interested in playing at hockey rather than in the more serious pursuit of the sport, the Interfaculty League is scheduled to get under way next Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 7:00 p.m. All faculties will meet at the same time in a general organizational and loosening up session.

The Green and Gold Senior Men's basketball team continues to roll up victories, despite thinly veiled prognostications by overtown sheets to the contrary. Wednesday night the Bears came from behind for the second time this year to score their fourth victory, this time at the expense of the U.S. Division squad.

Stars of Strategist Van Vliet's ball handlers are a trio of Freshmen, about whom future strong Varsity teams will probably be built. Of this trio, it was Jim MacRae who dropped 14 points to spearhead the Golden Bear winning effort of Wednesday night. Close on his heels were the two Bills, Hansen and Price, with 8 points apiece. Fast Don Steed had a good deal of tough luck, as his shots refused to go down. Centre Phil Proctor relinquished the scoring role to act as playmaker for the free-wheeling, hard-checking Varsity crew. On Wednesday Phil twisted his ankle in the first quarter, but he went back in the third to play just as hard as ever.

Bears meet Y.M.C.A. in the Varsity Drill Hall on Friday night—they could use a bit of an audience. Good luck, Bears; keep up the good work.

Around the Campus in Sport.—The Wrestling and Boxing Club is to hold an Intercollegiate Assault-at-Arms in the spring, which will necessitate travelling. Several weight classifications are still open, and good men can be easily assimilated at any time. Good coaching is available to those who want to learn the art of self-defence. . . Interfaculty basketball under Karl Erdman is now well started. At this time it looks like Engineers A and Arts will turn up with the strongest teams. Aggies have possible power, but the others haven't yet given a great deal of indication of any outstanding ability to mop up the floor with their opponents. . . Newest sport on the campus is curling, soon to get started at the Granite Curling Club. Organized only recently by John Melnyk and Del Steed, this club is looking forward to a very successful winter's sport. . . If the Varsity stays cold much longer, Mickey Hajash of the Spike Shoe Club had better sign up all those people madly dashing between Ed. and Arts; they're getting in fine shape. . . First Interfaculty Swim Meet will be staged on Thursday, Nov. 29, at the Y.W.C.A. pool. Swim President Don Wright expects a good entry.

Varsity Rink Open For Skating

After several years' use as a C.O.T.C. Drill Hall, the Varsity Covered Rink has come into its own, and is now open for skating. Rink Manager Mike Bevan regrets that it could not be open last weekend. Plenty of opportunity for pleasure skating will be available to all, as the Rink will be open to skaters on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. On Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings the ice will be in use for skating from 7:30 until 10:30. Saturday afternoon skating will take place from 3:00 to 5:00 p.m., and on Sundays the music will be turned on from 2:00 to 5:00.

In addition to open skating, University clubs may rent the ice for any free periods. First organization to take advantage of this arrangement are the Ags, who intend to hold an Aggie skating party on Nov. 29.

Hockey On Tap
The Senior Golden Bears, defenders of the Halpenny Intercollegiate Hockey Trophy, swung into action on Friday, and will continue to practice Tuesday through Friday from 4:45 to 6:15. Puck chasers are

asked to turn out as soon as possible. Interfaculty hockey will get under way on Wednesday, Nov. 28, at seven o'clock in the evening. The first night will consist of organization and general loosening up.

Information concerning the rink is available from Mike Bevan at the rink. All applications for use of the ice should be submitted to him. Sharpen up the blades and let's go; a season ticket is only one dollar.

CENTRAL CHECK ASSISTANT WANTED
Phone Dawn Fairbairn 33086

Rugby Players

All Senior rugby players are to be at the Varsity Rink Wednesday, Nov. 28, at 7:30 p.m., for Yearbook photos.

C. S. BOWLSBY,
President of Football.

With a Guy Curling

The good Scotch game of curling is firmly established on the U. of A. campus for the first time in history. The initial organizational meeting was held last week, and was attended by about seventy interested persons, including sixteen of the fairer sex.

An executive was elected as follows:
President: John Melnyk.
Vice-Pres.: Lloyd Kjørven.
Sec.-Treas.: Dick Beddoes.
Executive members: Nancy Pascoe, Jim Ritchie, John Wolfe.

Dr. Broadfoot, a Granite Curling Club devotee of note, was elected as honorary president of the Varsity Curling Club.

The club is to curl every evening from 4:30 till 8:00 p.m. at the Granite Rink. Rocks and brooms are to be supplied by the Granite Club. All the members of the club have to do is fork over five dollars, a cheap curling rate in any league.

Play is to get under way on Dec. 1st with each rink scheduled to play approximately two games a week. A large bonspiel is planned for February, which from all appearances promises to be an outstanding campus event. Since the club is endorsed by the M.A.B. it will have full recognition as a campus sport club.

Swimming Meet Thursday, Nov. 29

The first Interfaculty swim meet of the current year is to be held at the Y.W.C.A. pool on Thursday, Nov. 29. This announcement has just been made by Don Wright, President of Swimming.

Large attendances have definitely been the vogue at swim club since it opened early this fall, hence the prognostication that each of the faculties will be well represented in the coming meet. The program will consist of diving, free-style, breast stroke, back stroke, and two relays, for both men and women.

Male contestants are asked to contact their respective faculty managers as follows: Bob Kasting, Agriculture; Harold Williams, Arts and Science; Don Patterson, Applied Science; and Bill Lindsay, Meds and Dents.

It is rumored that the Engineers are going to enter a women's faculty team, or at least have one of the fair sex on their aquatic squad, so female devotees of the water sport are urged to turn out en masse in support of their respective faculties. The first event will be under way (or rather under water) sharp at 8:30. Entrants must be available on time if the complete schedule is to be run off successfully.

Varsity Pandas Swamp Walk-Rites, Score 45-11

High Panda Scorer

The Varsity Pandas started the season with a sweeping victory of 35-14 over the South Side team. It was a fast game from the first whistle to the finishing play. Needless to say, the South Side team was "played out" when it left the floor, for it had but one substitute to Alberta's five.

The green and gold crew took the upper hand at the beginning of the quarter, and held on to it throughout the game. One thing the U. of A. girls do not lack this year is height. With this advantage, the majority of toss-ups and rebounds fell into our co-eds' hands. The opposition was very weak on rebound snatching, nor could it be blamed entirely on mere lack of height. Being the first game of the series, and from reports the first time the South Siders have played together as a unit, the game was inclined to be a scramble, with frequent toss-ups being called by referees Nori Nishio and Alex Andrekson. Due to the fact that the baskets are attached directly to the end walls, it is a miracle that as yet there have been no casualties. However, during the heat of the game both the wall and the players took quite a beating. The west end wall was particularly dangerous because of several large partitions which were leaning precariously against it.

Vera Hole led the scoring through the four quarters to finish with 11 of the 35 points. Although the shots were fairly well divided amongst the members of the team, Vera topped the gang with some beautiful pot shots and lay-ups.

A thorn in the side of the Pandas was speedy, evasive Ruth Douglas of the South Side team. Ruth, a little bombshell of energy, carried the game for her team with accurate, tricky shots and a whirlwind approach to the basket. Shooting on the whole was a little wild. As the season moves along the teams will gain finish and polish.

Here is a brief review of the game.

For the first toss-up, Coach McClocklin fanned Krys, Callaway, Hole, Causgrove and Stanley. Causgrove hit the twine for a couple of long shots. Varsity experimented with their plays, moving in from the

end with the well-known figure eight passing play. Breaking was a little slow on both sides, but moved up to high gear in the next quarter.

Play in the second quarter was definitely fast. The South Siders had difficulty in getting the ball in near the basket. Highlight of the Pandas onslaught was Hole's repeated sinking of long shots. Callaway flipped a swift pass under the basket to Krys, who dropped it neatly through the hoop.

Starting lineup for the second quarter consisted of Stanley, Hanna, Barnes, Jones and Moll. Play cooled down considerably during half, but fiery Ruthie Douglas kept things moving. The U. of A. girls, however, were no slouch on the floor, and the game ended on a high note with the score 35-14. The Pandas individual points were as follows: Hole 11, Krys 8, Causgrove 5, Stanley 4, Hanna 3, Callaway 2, Barnes 2.

Alberta team plays its next game Wednesday evening of November 21 at McDougall School.

Defeat Walk-Rites
Once again the green and gold colors lead the way. Wednesday



Centre Vera Hole

Four Straight Wins as Varsity Beats Division

Coach of Bears

Friday, Nov. 16, the Senior Golden Bears gained their third victory of the season as they outlasted an improved RCAF team by 24-19. Coach Van Vliet's ball handlers had to do it the hard way, as they came from behind a half-time deficit of 13-10 to outscore the fighting RCAF crew 14-6 in the last half for the winning margin.

Box Score:

	Varsity	RCAF
MacRae	11	0
Price	14	1
Proctor	2	9
Hansen	10	0
Don Steed	1	0
McCormack	0	0
Schechter	2	0
Nishio	1	0
Payne	0	0
Struthers	3	1
Geddes	1	0
Del Steed	1	0
Totals	57	24

R.C.A.F.

	Varsity	RCAF
Connolly	6	0
Mathew	1	2
Belanger	4	1
Pell	13	0
Stewart	5	0
Baldast	4	0
Chobutuck	1	0
Cato	2	0
Swimming	1	0
Kaplan	0	0
Gordon	0	0
Totals	52	19

Officials—Tomick and McTavish, referees; Hollingsworth, scorer; Percy, timer.

Repeat Against Division
Riding high on the crest of a three-game undefeated effort, the Golden Bears maintained their straight win record by defeating the U.S. Division squad with a thrilling last quarter rally that made the score 36-30 for the Varsity.

Unofficially tabbed as the team to win in this year's Edmonton City Senior League, the Division ball-handlers were definitely out to cut down Varsity's league leadership, and at three-quarter time it looked like they might well do so.

First blood of the tussle went to Bill Hansen very shortly after the initial toss, as the green and gold put on a first quarter drive that saw them outscore the opposition by 12-10 to take a two-point lead at the break. This first quarter was highlighted by a fine 6-point effort by Bill Price and 4 points by Jim MacRae. Throughout the contest Price showed an excellent brand of ball as he laid up a total of 8.

Golden Bears Outscored
In both the second and third quarters the Alberta five were decisively outpointed by the determined Division ball players. Half-time score gave the Division only a 1-point margin at 19-13, but by three-quarter time they had built their lead up to a handy 5 points.

evening the Senior girls rallied to crush the Walk-Rites with the overwhelming score of 45-11. Mainstays of the Panda lineup were Vera Hole, June Causgrove and Sylvia Callaway. The Alberta team tightened up and held the Walk-Rites to the meagre store of 1 until after half-time. Shooting was greatly improved over the first game. Both Hole and Causgrove played a tip-top performance, dropping the ball through the hoop with deadly accuracy. Throughout the game, referees frequently called personal and technical fouls on both sides.

Vera Hole led the score sheet once more with 19 points. A close second, June Causgrove netted 14 points. These two stars outdid themselves in playing tactics, checking, and shooting. Callaway as usual played a fast, brilliant game. Team play was close and harmonious among the Alberta girls. It was only with great difficulty that the Walk-Rite players could approach the goal for shots. U. of A. defence was so effective, turning the first half especially, that at the end of the second quarter the score was 20-1 for Alberta. Nor were their efforts relaxed after half-time.

Final points for Alberta players are as follows: Causgrove 14, Hole 19, Krys 2, Jones 1, Callaway 6, McPhail 2, Barnes 1.

The Mortons is the one remaining team which the Pandas have not yet encountered. This meeting will take place on November 29 in Athabasca gym. The Walk-Rites also play the South Side team. A good double-header is in store for basketball fans.

Fresh Air Fans Music Contest

Dr. H. E. Buley has accepted the position of Honorary President of the Outdoor Club. When the club was first organized Dr. Buley was an active supporter, and was instrumental in building the fireplace at the cabin.

Toboggans have been purchased for the winter season. The opening of the Varsity skating rink may be sponsored by the Outdoor Club, and the executive will meet Thursday to discuss the matter. Other items up for discussion will be plans for providing ski instruction and plans for the annual Gala Winter Weekend to be held January 4, 5 and 6. In regard to the latter, the executive wishes to remind everyone of the song contest announced previously in The Gateway. The object of the contest is to produce a club song in time for presentation at this event. The tune need not be original, but the words must be. The contest is open to everyone, and a prize will be awarded for the best entry.

Good Basketball Now Available to Varsity Students

Bears at Drill Hall Every Friday

Our Varsity Golden Bears have just come through their fourth straight win of the season. That they should be as totally unsupported by the students as they are is rather serious. Both the Men's Senior Golden Bears and the Women's Senior Pandas are well worth watching. This Friday the Bears play Y.M.C.A. in the Drill Hall, and next Thursday the Pandas play Mortons in Athabasca gym. How about coming out to support your teams?

Manager Lyman Appeals

At last Varsity basketball fans have an opportunity to feast their eyes on some first-rate basketball without having to go out to the city limits to do it. This year, Senior men's basketball has come right to the campus. All Friday night games are played on the former I.T.S. Drill Hall floor, now the Varsity Drill Hall. All Friday night Senior games are Varsity games because our own Senior Golden Bears are featured in them.

The Senior game is preceded by a Junior tangle which gets under way at 7:30 p.m. Admission is free with Campus "A" cards, and the Drill Hall will hold 1,000 fans easily. If you are at all basketball-minded, here is a sweet opportunity to satisfy your hunger for some snappy ball. The Drill Hall is situated centrally for all students living on the campus and on the South Side generally.

Make it a point to come out to these games and give your team the much needed support they crave. This year's team has the makings of another winner as they have already proven in the games they have played and won. By giving them your support, you add that much more drive to their efforts. Watch the overtown newspapers for overtown games, and try to get out to them, too.

Basketball is fast becoming a popular sport in Edmonton, and our team is part of the league making it so. The Bears are out for another kill this year. Help them get it. Need I mention Varsity spirit, too?

LEO P. LYMAN,
Manager, Senior Basketball.

McCormack	1	2	0	0	1	2
Payne	0	0	0	0	0	0
Struthers	0	0	0	0	0	0
Andrekson	0	0	0	0	0	0
Nishio	0	0	0	0	0	0
Geddes	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	20	48	0	6	8	36

	Varsity	U.S. Division
Panvini	2	11
Weiss	2	10
Farnham	1	4
Williams	4	9
St. Amand	1	6
Strocker	1	5
Miller	0	0
Carter	0	0
Schooley	0	0
Sanchez	0	0
Totals	11	45

mic; timer, Cleland.
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on the double - - - by dottie ward

With the Varsity Pandas already one step up the ladder to the City League championship, the outlook for the season seems quite promising. One point which should add considerable interest to the series is the dual role of coaching played by Tommy McClocklin. Tommy is, of course, the Pandas' basketball professor. However, he is also lending a helping hand to the Mortons until such time as their coach is available. It will be worth while to see the two teams meet.

President of Senior Basketball, Eleanor Krys, is looking into the possibilities of extending an invitation to the U.B.C. girls' team to visit Alberta for an intercollegiate game. Otherwise, U. of A. fans will not witness a girls' senior college encounter this year. The present schedule is so arranged that Alberta Pandas travel to Manitoba, where all games are to be played.

It would appear that the budget meeting is not the only meeting on the campus lacking in student support. The Fancy Skating Club to be has finally put forth an ultimatum stating that unless twenty-five enthusiasts appear at a meeting on Nov. 21, the whole thing will be dropped. We await further developments.

The call for faculty supporters in the girls' Interfac Basketball League is still loud and urgent. Surely we cannot allow Interfaculty sports to drop off the athletic program at Alberta. No one works harder than the nurses, and they already have a well-organized team anxiously awaiting some competition. The exercise

is exhilarating, and you never fail to meet some very interesting people you didn't know before. The Rose Bowl goes to the faculty which chalks up the most points for intramural competition. These points are already piling up from track and tennis. Vera Hole will be overjoyed to see you turn out on Wednesdays at 4:00. You can count on her to help you out if you wish or need it. Just an added reminder—if you tell your faculty manager that you'll go, don't back down at the last minute. She is counting on you!

It seems a shame that Waw-Waw Weekend was so late this year. Once again the snow and cold thwarted Daisy from displaying her prowess and muscles in the now traditional rugby game. Two years ago a very successful one was held, overlooking of course the odd injury or two and a couple of battered and hysterical referees. For further details, ask Jack Jorgens. Perhaps it can be included in next year's Daisy program.